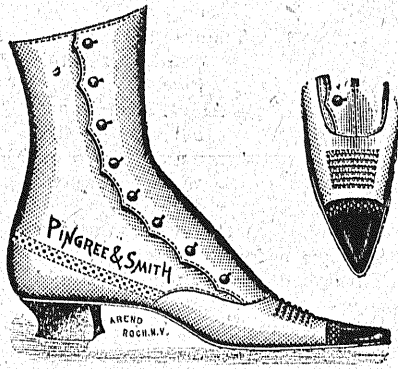


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 43.

CASS CITY, MICH., OCT. 1, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.



Blackfast
TRADE MARK
WORSTEDS

**AT COST
CLOTHING.**

All Summer Suits at Cost.
Just received a new consignment of the famous Fast Black worsted.

Blackfast
TRADE MARK
WORSTEDS

THE SHOE and
CLOTHING MAN

SHOES!
All the High Grade Low Cut
Shoes at Cost.

J. D. CROSBY,

New Goods.

Our Fall Stock is now Arriving.

—The Celebrated—

Happy Home Clothing

is better value this year than ever. We have an excellent line. Prices and quality can't be beat.

BOOTS AND SHOES

in the leading styles. All kinds and qualities. Hats and Caps in the new fall styles.

2 MACKS 2



When

you are thinking of purchasing an article you want the best.

That's Right.

Frost & Hebblewhite

are to receive a large invoice

of CAPES, JACKETS AND FALL GOODS

Saturday, September 26th. Call early and get a good article at a rock bottom price. Highest market price for Butter and Eggs.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.



A Chance

For Bargains in

Wall Paper.

5000 rolls to be closed out this fall to make room for next year's stock.

The fall is the best season of the year to paper.

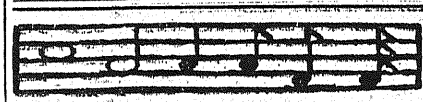
A large assortment of the latest patterns to select from at prices that will pay you to take advantage of at T. H. FRITZ'S, Pharmacist.

Brief but Expressive.

Ice cold—
Good as gold—
Cherry Ripe—
The story's told.

Snack your lips over the soda from our fountain. 5 cents a glass.

J. C. LAUDERBACH.



F. LENZNER gives 20 lessons on organ for \$3. One hour to one and one-quarter for each lesson. Pianos tuned. 5-15

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Caught on The Fly.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

G. B. Wescott, of Caro, was in town on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Usher, visited friends in Kingston last Sunday.

Miss Lou Edwards, of Uby, is visiting friends in town this week.

Dell Schenck has been troubled with erysipelas in his hand for several days. The carpenters are at work on T. H. Fritz's new residence on Seegar Street. Jack Fahrenkopf and Hugh McMillan, of Gagetown, were callers in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lee, of Kingston, attended the funeral of J. Heffebower on Sunday.

Misses Lillie Schenck and Maggie Campbell left for Albion College last week to resume their studies.

Some much needed improvements have been made on the hill near Geo. McConnell's on the county line.

Mrs. A. Fritz and Miss Laubach returned from Caro Sunday, where they have been visiting for some time.

Miss Mabel Weydemeyer arrived from Turner, Mich., Saturday evening. She will remain with her aunt and attend school here.

If there were none in this world who would take offence, those who give it would be obliged to go out of business for want of customers.

O. G. Doying, who has been making his home in Detroit for some months, was in town several days last week looking after his interests here.

Some people make their money by being small; like Tom Thumb, for instance, or like the man who regularly borrows a neighbor's paper to save subscribing for it himself.

Mrs. R. E. Gamble has commenced improving her West Street property. She has had the house moved back and is having a stone wall put under. M. Anthes is doing the work.

Jas. Alvers and Mrs. Cooper were united in marriage the first of the week. The youths of the town so far departed from civilization as to charivari the couple on Monday night.

Neil McLarty, whose farm house south of town was burned last week, but who is now an employee of the Traverse City Asylum, was here last Thursday looking after his insurance and transacting other business.

The first meeting of the local Union Silver Club was held at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. Speeches were made by members of the club and although the attendance was not very large there was nothing lacking in the way of enthusiasm.

On Saturday, Mrs. P. R. Winegar received word that her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Mitchell, of Clifford, was quite seriously ill, and she took the afternoon train for Clifford. Word has been received since that she is some better but that she is not yet out of danger.

The remains of Elizabeth Spencer were brought here from Duluth, Minn., by train last Thursday. Deceased was the mother of Chas. Spencer, of this place, and was eighty-four years of age at the time of her death. The funeral took place from Mr. Spencer's residence on Main Street on Friday morning, Rev. Fenn officiating, and the remains were laid to rest in the Elkland cemetery.

Owing to the fact that we go to press two days early this week we cannot say much regarding the Fair, but hope to give a complete report in our next issue. The morning of the first day was very mild but the sky was overcast with clouds. Notwithstanding this all was astir at the Driving Park at an early hour and preparations for the most successful Fair yet held went merrily on. Up to the time of our going to press the rain has held off and hopes were entertained for more favorable weather during the remaining days.

John Heffebower, one of the oldest residents in this locality, died last Friday morning at the age of seventy-five years. He had been as well as usual up to within a few days of his death, being able to be about considerable and was frequently seen on the streets. His departure was quite sudden and is supposed to have resulted from heart failure. His wife and nine children still survive him. We go to press too early to obtain details but hope in the near future to be able to do so. The funeral was held Sunday at the Evangelical Church and was very largely attended. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Fenn, of the M. E. Church officiated.

Reading advertisements is something that everybody should accustom themselves to, for you not only become familiar with the different wares, but also with the prices, and know a bargain when you see it. By reading all the ads. in your local paper you often are enabled to save considerable money. Goods that are advertised are usually reliable and sold at a bargain. Try it.

The Review of Reviews for October continues its admirable record of the Presidential campaign. In the July, August and September numbers the Republican, Democratic and Populist conventions were reviewed, together with the careers of the nominees. In the October number the movement of the "sound money" democrats, culminating in the Indianapolis convention, receives similar attention. No other publication in the country offers in a single number such a wealth of political portraiture, or so wide a range of cartoon illustrations. Every noteworthy phase of the canvass is fully and impartially presented. Material is gathered from every source and carefully digested.

On Friday last, our town was very quiet, owing to the fact that many of our citizens were in attendance at the Caro and Bad Axe fairs, it being the last day of each. A special train afforded an excellent opportunity to visit Bad Axe and was taken advantage of by many, while about an equal number drove to Caro. As far as we can learn the exhibits at each were as good or better than former years but the crowds were hardly as large. The educational exhibit was one of the principal attractions at Bad Axe. Our boys contested the honors of the diamond with the home team and after playing seven innings the game was a draw—each team scoring thirteen. The ball games at Caro were also interesting, but with favorable weather Cass City Fair will attempt to outshine both and pass into history as the best yet held in the Thumb.

Pursuant to the provisions of sec. 35, act 206 of the public acts of 1893, the auditor general Thursday morning made the appointment of state taxes of the several counties, according to the last returns of the aggregate valuation of taxable property as equalized and determined by the state board of equalization. The aggregate valuation of real and personal estate, as equalized, is \$1,105,100,000. The rate of taxation this year is one and nine-tenths mills. Two years ago it was two and six-tenths mills. The following is the appointment for the Thumb: Huron county \$16, 378.35; Sanilac county, \$15,910.40; Tuscola county, \$14,651.02. Of the several items that go to make up the above total, the largest are: University of Michigan, \$184,183; general purposes, \$171,000; Michigan National Guard, \$89,695; Michigan soldiers' home, \$88,000; state fish commission, \$127,000; normal school, \$87,450. Upper Peninsula asylum for insane \$65,000. It will be seen by the above figures that the state tax will be less this year than in 1894 by almost a million dollars. In 1894 the total state tax was \$3,013,919.52. This year it is \$2,008,528.62.

OVERPRODUCTION.

There's an overproduction of cotton,
An overproduction of corn;
Too much of everything is grown,
Too many people are born.
A surplus yield of wheat and bread,
Of potatoes, oats and rye,
Hog and hominy, ham and eggs,
And too many pigs in the sty.
Too much to eat, too much to wear,
And cattle on too many hills.
Too many agricultural tools,
Too many scyres, plows, and trills.
There's surplus now of clothing
Of every grade and kind.
Too many books and papers,
Too much thought and mind.
Too many men to do the work,
More daylight than the people need,
Too much night for sleep.
Of Banquets a surplus.
An oversupply of wives,
Too many birds and blossoms,
More bees than there are hives.
An overproduction of ignorance,
A sight too many schools,
Too many poor, too many rich,
And lots too many fools.
—Vineyard Independent.

ADMONITION BY A CLOSE OBSERVER.
There's an overproduction of grumblers,
Of men who know it all;
Who know the meanness of mankind
Way back from Adam's fall.
There's an overproduction of people,
Who are living beyond their time,
And can only get their just deserts
In a greatly hotter clime.
There's an overproduction of hypocrites,
Of fashion's devotees.
Of greedily multi-millionaires,
And lawyer, doctor fees.
There's an overproduction of poets,
Who write such as this,
But a scarcity of maidens
To love, embrace and kiss.

Renew your subscription.

ELMWOOD.

A good deal of corn was badly hurt with the frost before it was cut.

Mr. Matthews, of Grant, visited at H. P. Woolman's part of the week.

H. Spittler's, of Brookfield visited with Mat Parker's on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Ostrander, of Grand Rapids, is visiting at W. A. Lockwood's.

Mr. Bearinger, of Ellington, preached in the school house on Sunday.

W. A. Lockwood's and Mrs. Ostrander visited in Grant on Sunday.

A. Green of Huron Co. visited at Jas. Whittell's on Tuesday.

Wm. Shafer and wife, also Miss Jessie Burnett, went to Owosso on Wednesday to attend the Adventist camp meeting.

A good many from here attended the Indian camp meeting below Caro last Sunday.

P. W. Stone and F. J. Hendrick, are packing apples in the orchards for W. J. Albertson of Cass City.

A large crowd is reported at the silver pole raising at the Elmwood town hall on Saturday.

Nearly all in this part are making preparation to attend the Fair at Cass City.

DEFOUD.

Much of our wheat will be sown late in this locality.

Mrs. Ettie Allen, of Birmingham, visits her father, Henry Holtz.

John Allen and wife, of Novesta, have gone to sand Beach on a visit.

Mrs. Henry Leech, who has been at Pontiac for some time past, has returned.

Clark Courtliss lost one of his cattle by too much clover last week. Bloat from wet clover was the cause.

We have cabbage in this locality that weighs 16 lbs. But very few "cabbage head" voters. Most all wear Bryan badges.

George Boughton, who lives three miles east of here, lost a valuable horse last week. He lost his house by fire about two months ago.

An old soldier by the name of Downing, who lives on a state homestead a mile and a half south of here, is very sick at present. He has no means of support, his pension being spent before he receives it. At present he is at the home of Leonard Parks.

Sister of Canboro, in the main we are all seen at a disadvantage. But time explains all things to intelligent minds; and minds dark are not worthy of consideration. The intelligent and just will give us justification as the coming day gives them light. Life is too short to explain acts or correct mistakes. Let the purpose be pure and press forward. Injure none, care not who you offend in the line of right.

"Any money this country has is good enough for me." Mayor Pingree has made the above statement so often that it is not denied by any party organs. Now the statement is equal to telling both parties that their fight over the money question is foolish; and he may have some grounds for his conclusions. If we read the past history of our country, we find in every campaign all parties have went to extremes, made false statements, told that ruin would follow if victory crowned the efforts of their opponents. All of which we know was the imagination of our heated brains.

Oh! fat and jolly doctor, of the City of Cass, we are pleased that you have a multiplication of "fire escapes" (bibles) and have read them to such good purpose. We have a "fire escape" with a commentary intact and have been forced to the same conclusion as your honorable self that he who lends money on usury or gives a meal to his brother and asks two in return cannot escape fire. I have been and will continue to labor in my weak way to show the crime of usury. The same is called interest in our day, but the book knows nothing of the word interest, but terms it "Godless usury;" and today it is but blood money, rung from the hearts of the poor. But we see a light in the distance.

Tomatoes may be kept quite late by protecting them in the garden as long as possible and then gathering the full-grown green ones. Wipe them, wrap in paper and lay them, not touching each other, on shelves in a dark cool room. Look them over every week or two and lay those that show specks in the sun to ripen and use at once. Many will keep till Thanksgiving and some till Christmas. They never attain the bright color of fruit ripened on the vines, however, and this must not be expected.

ELLINGTON.

The heavy frost Tuesday morning out the corn badly.

There was quite a turn out from Ellington last week at the Caro fair.

A Republican meeting and a speech at May's hall Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell are the proud possessors of a fine new baby girl.

Politics is warming up and will soon be at red heat and remain so until it cools off.

Mrs. F. E. Manley and Mrs. M. J. Fish spent two days last week at the Caro fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mosher went to Denmark last Tuesday, returning on Thursday evening.

Cass City and Vassar fairs this week. Would like to spend one day at each place but do not expect to be able to attend either.

The time for the contest of the Epworth League at the M. E. Church will take place next week Friday evening instead of this week.

The town board met at the clerk's office last Saturday to look after the accounts of overseers for cutting milk weeds and Canada thistles.

Frank Elliot, who has been working at the Sylvan Lake summer resort some three miles from Pontiac all summer, returned home Thursday last.

The Caro cornet band passed by Ellington post-office last Saturday afternoon with music ringing, they being on the way to the silver pole raising at Elmwood town hall. One or more speeches were also expected. They returned after the meeting.

KARR'S CORNERS.

Last week's correspondence.

Quite cool at this writing.

Mrs. George Karr is visiting relatives in Canada.

S. Lanway, of East Jordan, is visiting at Henry Karr's.

A number from here attended Elkton Fair last week.

J. S. Luther, of Unionville, visited at John Karr's on Monday.

Miss Jennie Watson visited Miss Grace Karr over Sunday.

Miss Mudge and Mrs. Sumner are visiting at John Muma's.

Miss Maude Smith is now wielding the rod in Dist. No. 5, Elmwood.

Mrs. John Muma, Mary and James Muma were baptized on Saturday last.

Some of the tender branches were blackened by the frost on Saturday night.

Free Methodists are holding meetings at the Winton school house at the present time.

George Williams, N. Brown and Miss Williams attended League at Bethel Sunday evening.

Miss Maggie McCarthy, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. C. Tanner, left for Detroit on Monday.

The concert which was to be held at Bethel Friday evening, Sept. 18th was postponed till Friday evening, Sept. 25th.

Mrs. Walter Mark, Sr., returned from Caro Sunday, where she has been caring for her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Masters.

Bethel appointment, which has been with Cass City for a number of years, has been set off with Grant and Rev. Allen, of that place, will be our minister the coming year.

James A. Muma, of Forestville, was home over Saturday. We understand that James walked from Forestville here on Friday and lectured at Grant Center on Saturday evening.

There is a class of mortals in this world who can never see any good in any other class except their own. This is a sad state to get into but such is the case in many instances. We have people that can point out the way in which a brother might walk and be safe, but have not yet plucked the beam out of their own eye. If people would look more to the better qualities of others and less at their imperfections, a better feeling would be manifested between neighbors and more of a Christian spirit exhibited by all.

Did you ever try dipping a fish into boiling water for a minute before scaling it? The result is generally satisfactory.

Bicycle For Sale.

One good 1896 pattern bicycle for sale. Enquire at this office.

Mould can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

A Brown City butcher recently slaughtered a hen with three legs and regrets that he had not noticed the freak sooner.

The large two-story frame house of Robert McNabb, of Meade township, burned to the ground Thursday night. Everything was destroyed. Loss, \$1000; insurance, \$700. The cause is unknown.

J. W. Kimball, a pioneer of Pt. Austin, is dead. He was born in Medford, Mass., in 1815. He helped build the first railroad out of Boston and also the road from Detroit to Pontiac. He moved to Pt. Austin in 1852, building the first steam mill there.

A letter from J. H. Keyes, editor of the Lexington News, wishes us to announce that the "Democratic-Union Silver News" will commence publication at Sanilac Centre just as soon as arrangements can be made for the necessary material. This will make the twelfth newspaper in the county.—[Marlette Leader.]

Joseph Schluchter has completed the plans for moving his residence from Berne to Pigeon. He will move the building up through the fields. The house is in three pieces and three hauls will be necessary. Berne is a little more than a mile distant but Mr. Schluchter believes the frame work will come through safely.

Last Saturday evening A. Hirschberg was having goods unpacked in front of his store and temporarily had a lot of boxes on the sidewalk. One of the boxes raised the grating to put the boxes in the cellar and left it open. O. Buckias came along, and not noticing that the grating was open, it being quite dark, fell into the cellar. He was picked up in an unconscious condition and removed to his home and medical attendance summoned. It was found that no bones were broken but he probably received internal injuries.—[Sebewaing Blade.]

The re-opening and re-dedication of the M. E. Church occurred Sunday morning. Rev. Dr. Dawe, of Saginaw, presiding elder, was present and preached a very interesting sermon. He was assisted in the opening service by Rev. Joshua Bacon, of Sebewaing, and Rev. D. W. Leonard. After the service a statement of the incurred expense was made, which was about \$700. Three hundred and sixty dollars had been paid and pledged leaving \$340 to raise. In a very few moments nearly \$400 was made in good pledges. Large congregations were present both morning and evening.—[Unionville Crescent.]

Warning to Kickers.

St. Peter sits at the heavenly gates, his hands on the strings of the lyre, and sings a low song as he patiently waits for the souls of those who expire. He hears in the distance a chorus of song swell from the foot of the heavenly throne, and he smiles as the music is wafted along, and he warbles a lay of his own: "There is room in this region for millions of souls, who by sorrow and we were bereft; tis for those who have suffered the melody rolls, but the kickers must turn to the left. There is room for the people who, when they were young, persisted in sowing wild oats, yet boomed up their town with sinew and tongue, but the kickers must go with the goats. There is room for the people who pointed with pride to the beauty and growth of their town, who kept singing their praises aloud till they died, but the kickers will please amble down. They'd say the music was all out of tune, and the angelic gown 'hand me down,' and they'd send for a jeweler up in the moon to sample the gold in their crown. So while there is room for a million of souls, who by sorrow and we were bereft, we want no complaint of the music that rolls, so the kicker must turn to the left."—Unknown.

Some persons imagine that milk does not agree with them as a food because it leaves a certain sense of sourness or acidity in the mouth. This is owing to the fact that some of the milk is left in the mouth and this is acted upon by the secretions, and an unpleasant taste is produced. For this reason it is important that when milk is eaten (it ought never to be swallowed like a drink, for it is a food) the mouth should be thoroughly rinsed with water. The mouths of babies after nursing are now wiped out with a soft wet cloth by the best nurses, which operation greatly does away with the sour "druling," which is never an attractive feature in infants.

Photo. Mounting Board for sale at the ENTERPRISE Office.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record.

The old Scotch hermit of Westport, Alexander Wilson, died in his shanty there Thursday. Wilson came to this country and took up his residence in Westport fifty years ago. He was a ripe scholar and one of the first school teachers in Dane County.

In consequence of news received at Madrid of the spread of the rebellion against Spanish authority, the government has decided to send 3,000 troops to the Philippine Islands.

The Clarksville, Tenn., Electric Light Company made an assignment. Liabilities, \$50,000; assets, \$8,000.

Carr & Kimery, general merchandise dealers at Moulton, Iowa, failed for \$3,000. Bradley's Bank is the principal creditor.

Burpee, Rumsey & Co., shoe manufacturers at Lynn, Mass., have failed. Assets and liabilities not given. The firm did a business of between \$600,000 and \$800,000.

Harry L. Stevens, hardware and implement dealer at Lawrence, Kan., was closed on chattel mortgages for over \$17,000, his mother being the first and largest creditor.

H. W. Ryder of Phoenix, Ariz., dealer in buggies, lumber and wagons, has assigned to A. P. Messinger. The assignment also covers his establishments at Mesa, Tempe and Glendale.

H. Dumois & Co., shipping and commission merchants, New York, have made an assignment. Liabilities, \$243,800; nominal assets, \$871,529; actual assets, \$9,766. Nearly all the assets are in Cuba, in possession of either the Spanish army or the insurgents.

Charles C. Black was appointed ancillary receiver for the Richards Company, at New York, dealers in cloaks, suits, etc., in proceedings for dissolution of the company. The liabilities are estimated at \$110,000, the nominal assets at \$150,000 and the actual assets at \$75,000. Attachments aggregating \$55,629 in favor of several creditors of the company have been served.

Mr. Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, of London, states that if either Maher or Fitzsimmons or Fitzsimmons and anyone else can be matched for a prize fight, the club will immediately offer a purse.

While George Banning and Hugh Howell were shooting at a mark at Humboldt, Ill., the rifle in the hands of Banning was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking Howell in the head, killing him instantly. Howell was 15 years of age.

A train on the St. Paul road at Madison, Wis., ran down and killed Michael Schlicht, 76 years old. He was a wealthy German farmer living two miles north of Madison.

A rich gold discovery is reported to have been made near Graham's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Atchison's second annual corn carnival, held Thursday, was a success. Thousands of people swarmed the streets, wearing corn costumes or corn ornaments. It is estimated that 15,000 visitors are in town.

The Milwaukee police arrested seven men on the charge of having ambushed a car and shot a conductor and motorman south of the city during the street car strike. The men under arrest are: Nels J. Nelson, Rich Wachsmuth, Charles Fleischman, Henry Kuester, Louis Noll, Jacob Noll, Leander Marble.

A serious outbreak of bubonic plague has occurred at Bombay, 300 deaths having already occurred. The bacillus of the disease is identical with that which Professor Kitasato, the distinguished Japanese physician, discovered during the Hong Kong visitation last year.

The Empress of India has arrived from the Orient. Among the passengers is his excellency Yen Nien, who is intrusted with an important diplomatic mission to Washington by the Emperor of China.

Information has been received that the British India Steam Navigation Company of London will establish a line between New Zealand and Vancouver. The first steamer, the Avonca, will leave New Zealand in about fifteen days.

A Rome dispatch to the London Chronicle says that the pope has granted an audience to Monsignor Chicotini on electoral and educational questions in Canada.

James F. Joy died suddenly at his residence at Detroit, Mich., at 1:45 o'clock Thursday morning. The direct cause of his death was heart disease, from which he had been troubled for some time.

While J. F. Lattimer of Abingdon, Iowa, was engaged in picking corn to be exhibited at the state fair, he ran a cornstalk into his eye, which pierced the brain. He now lies at the point of death. Mr. Lattimer is the supervisor from his town and one of the best known men in this part of the state.

A large unknown vessel, bottom up, is reported to be drifting about Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.

America's foreign trade balance is nearly five times as great as it was last year. Therefore a continued outflow of gold and a consequent rise in the bank rate is inevitable.

John Nutter of Ruffsburg, Ind., is under arrest at Port Wayne for trying to cut his wife's throat.

Bishop Foley welcomed the delegates to the conventions of the German Catholic National Association at Detroit Sunday. Bishop Richter spoke in German, emphasizing the greeting.

CASUALTIES.

The Clyde line passenger steamer Frederick De Barry, from New York to Jacksonville, was wrecked at Kitty Hawk, N. C. The crew of seventeen men were taken off by the life-savers.

Wednesday morning fire completely destroyed the mills and lumber yard of the Cascade Lumber Company, situated at Cascade, two miles south of Burlington, Iowa. The loss is placed at \$75,000 on stock and \$30,000 on mills. The insurance on stock is \$39,500, and on mills \$24,500.

The boiler of a ninety-ton ten-wheel locomotive on the Big Four Railroad burst at Pekin, Ill., Monday, hurling the enormous engine more than 100 feet, partially demolishing a large factory, killing the fireman and breaking nearly all the glass within a quarter of a mile of the scene of the remarkable accident.

Fire at the home of Dr. J. M. Wampler at Richmond, Ind., came near resulting in the death of three persons. The cause was an explosion of gasoline. Mrs. William Decker of Middleton, O., was so overcome by smoke it is feared she will not live. The other women were Mrs. Wampler and Miss Louie Bond, a nurse.

Milton E. Garland and Edward Harris of Englewood, Ill., were killed at Meadville, Pa., by a collision of engines. They were en route home from Boston, after stealing a ride on the pilot of one of the engines.

Hasley Pettit and Charles Walters, children of Bonner Springs, Kan., were suffocated by gasoline.

FOREIGN.

The National Sporting Club of London has decided not to offer a purse for any match in which Corbett is engaged, but should Fitzsimmons arrange a suitable match with any one else the club will offer a substantial purse.

It is understood that United States capitalists are negotiating with the Russian government for the establishment of a rapid steamship service between San Francisco and Vladivostok. Fresh disturbances are reported from the island of Crete. A bloody conflict has occurred between Turks and Christians at Malevez.

Two ironclads and two cruisers have been ordered to join the French squadron in the Levant.

The city of Kobe, Japan, was wiped out by a disastrous conflagration on Aug. 26, and floods and storms and earthquakes caused the loss of 2,500 lives and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property in Northern Japan.

Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii has accepted the appropriation made her by the last legislature and has given a written promise to follow the suggestions of the Dole government.

The steamer Oriental brought news to San Francisco that a member of the crew of the United States cruiser Boston had died of cholera at Shanghai. No other cases, however, are reported on the vessel.

The Toronto city council has voted that tenders from United States concerns shall not be considered in the opening of bids for the plumbing and steamfitting of the new courthouse here.

A dispatch from Manila, Philippine Islands, says that Governor-General Blanco has decreed the confiscation of the property of the insurgents in those islands.

CRIME.

A. K. Ward, the Memphis \$300,000 forger and embezzler, who has been out on bail for several months, was again indicted for forgery on three additional counts, amounting to about \$5,000. This makes ninety-five indictments.

Miss Emma Ashley, who shot at "Lucky" Baldwin in court at San Francisco and narrowly missed killing him, was acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity.

August Hildendorf, who has been on trial for several days at Kenosha, Wis., for the murder of his wife with a corn-knife July 4, was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. He is 61 years of age.

The saw mill of Smalley Bros. & Woodworth at Bay City, Mich., was burned. It will be rebuilt so as to be in operation by Jan. 1 next. The loss is \$25,000, and it was insured for \$18,000.

One of the three tramps arrested for suspected complicity in the murder of the chief of police at Table Rock, Neb., has confessed that he was the murderer of Officer Moore in Denver in the spring of 1895.

Between midnight and daylight Tuesday over one-half of the twenty-four toll gates in Lawrenceburg County, Ky., were destroyed by regularly organized bands of lawless advocates of free turnpikes.

Richard Williams, ex-Chinese customs inspector at San Francisco, convicted of extortion, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment and fined \$10,000.

Gov. Hastings of Pennsylvania has signed a pardon for John Bardsley, former city treasurer of Philadelphia, who, on July 2, 1891, was sentenced to fifteen years in the eastern penitentiary for misappropriating over a half million dollars of city and state moneys while occupying his official position.

Francis A. Coffin, found guilty of complicity in the wrecking of the Indianapolis National Bank and refused a new trial by the United States supreme court, was taken to the penitentiary at Michigan City to serve out his sentence of eight years Monday.

Joel N. Sheppard, agent of the Pacific and United States Express companies at Washington, Ill., committed suicide in his office. The act is attributed to temporary insanity.

James Egan, a well-to-do farmer of Shields, Dodge County, Iowa, hanged himself in his barn. He was 60 years old.

RIOTS AT LEADVILLE.

COLORADO MILITIA ORDERED TO THE SCENE.

Striking Miners Attack the Colorado and Emmett Mines with Dynamite and Five Lives Are Lost in the Fighting That Follows.

Five dead bodies at the morgue and half a dozen wounded, with damage to property to the amount of \$25,000, are the visible effects of Sunday night's lawlessness at Leadville, Colo. It is believed that when all is known the list of dead and injured will considerably exceed these figures. Everything is quiet now, the camp being practically under military rule.

The following are the dead so far as known: MICHAEL DAUGHERTY, BERT MEIER, JAMES BENSON, JOHN MAHONEY.

In addition to these it is thought five others, who were wounded, will die.

The Colorado people had heard of the coming of trouble, but the supposition was that the attack was to be made at the Emmett. Soon after the destruction commenced many of the citizens responded quickly, armed with rifles and shotguns, but they could do little in fighting the fire and dynamite. Foreman O'Keefe was shot from behind just after he turned a stream on the fire at the Colorado. The first attack at the Colorado was made with dynamite near the oil tanks. The men within the inclosure returned the attack and a fusillade of bullets followed but the dynamite did its work well.

Gov. McIntire has sent a telegram of instructions to Gen. Brooks at Leadville giving that officer full power to act as his representative in suppressing riot in that city and district. Gen. Brooks is specially instructed to act with or without the co-operation of the local authorities. This practically amounts to a declaration of martial law.

CLOSE TO TWO MINUTES.

John R. Gentry Establishes a New Pacing Record.

The world's pacing record stands at 2:00 1/4, and John R. Gentry is king. At Rigby Park Thursday in the face of the light breeze, he made the mark that is destined to forever make his name famous among horsemen. The first quarter was paced in 29 1/2 seconds, and when at the half the judges gave the time as 59 1/2 seconds all the old horsemen began to look for a two-minute pace. The third quarter was reeled off in 30 3/4 seconds, making the time at the post 1:30 1/4. Nerved to a supreme effort, Gentry made the last quarter in even faster time than the third quarter, doing it in 30 3/4 seconds, and came under the wire in 2:00 1/4.

GEN. ROSECRANS HONORED.

Chosen President of the Army of the Cumberland at Rockford. The twenty-sixth annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland closed at Rockford, Ill., Thursday. These officers were elected: President, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans; corresponding secretary, Gen. H. V. Boynton; recording secretary, Col. J. W. Stiel; treasurer, Gen. Fullerton, with vice-presidents from each state. The roster showed 115,000 surviving members of the army. Columbus was selected as the place for the next reunion.

BANKERS IN SESSION.

One Billion Dollars in Wealth Represented at St. Louis.

There assembled in the Olympic Theater, St. Louis, Tuesday, the representatives of more wealth than ever before came together in this city at one time. It was the first session of the twenty-second annual convention of the American Bankers' Association. Delegates were present from all parts of the country representing the most prominent banking institutions, whose capital is at least one billion dollars.

Crazed by Jealousy. Goaded to a frenzy of jealousy by the

CADETS IN DANGER.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY BURNED.

Fire Breaks Out at an Early Hour Yesterday Morning—Narrow Escape of One Hundred Students, Who Were Asleep in the Building—The Injured.

The Missouri military academy, located in the extreme southern portion of Mexico, Mo., was burned to the ground Thursday morning. The fire was discovered at 1 o'clock by Cadet Dunfee, who was awakened by the smoke. By the time the alarm was given smoke was issuing from all the windows in the central part of the building. About eighty cadets and the family of Colonel A. F. Fleet, the principal, and the officers, nearly 100 in all, were asleep in the building. There was a wild rush for the halls and stairways, but the flames and smoke stopped all egress through the doorways, and the young men began to leap from the windows. Some were let down a part of the way on sheets and bed clothes tied together. Others swung out by the eaves and then dropped to the ground below. Many were injured, and those who could not help themselves were cared for by the more fortunate, and they were conveyed into the armory.

The seriously injured are: Walter Wolf, East St. Louis, jumped from the third-story window; spine very seriously injured.

George Guernsey, Independence, body and face badly burned.

Robert Judson, Salem, shoulder dislocated and back seriously injured.

Walter Haliday, St. Louis, internal injuries.

C. G. Kidd, Hannibal, Mo., back injured.

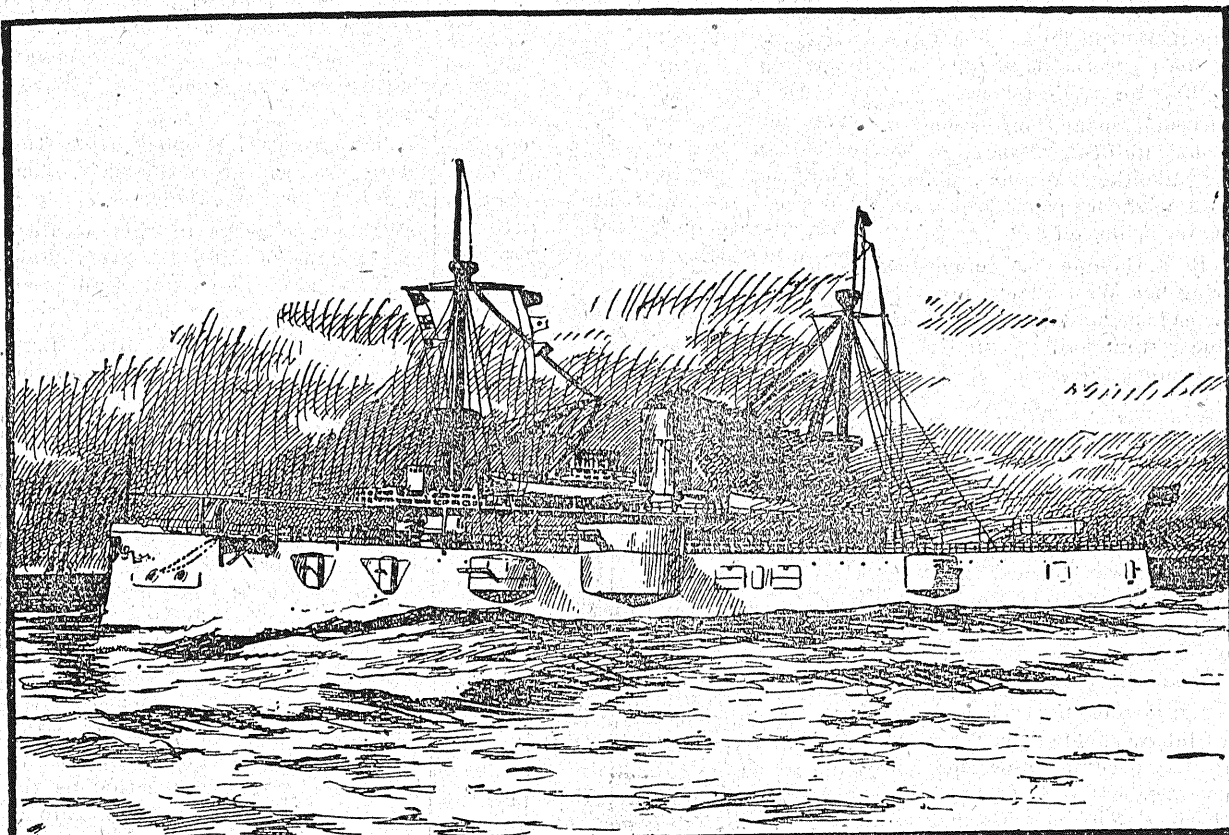
John McClellan, Enid, O. T., left arm broken and shoulder dislocated.

William Prater, Cairo, Ill., left arm broken.

Daniel Boone, St. Louis, ankle sprained, right leg broken.

Gordon Cox, St. Louis, right elbow dislocated.

BATTLE SHIP TEXAS, THE JONAH OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



The battleship Texas, which has just had another of her narrow escapes—in running aground off Newport—is the Jonah of the United States navy. Ever since she was launched at the Norfolk navy yard in 1892 she has had the very worst of luck. Even while she was building several men were fatally hurt while at work upon her, and one mechanic plunged to death from her decks. Her engines were burned in a fire at the Richmond iron works, and her bronze propeller was broken on her first trip. Every turn she took she seemed to go awry.

She swamped a schooner in her first dock trial, one of her turrets very nearly sank her while at the dock, and while docked last November it was found she had structural weakness that cost \$125,000 to remedy. Every one of her trial trips was unfortunate. In one her eccentric strap got hot, in another her condensers would not work, in another her wheels wobbled. In a fourth her steering gear was broken. She lost one of her anchors off Thompsonville, and has had other mishaps without end. The climax was reached when she ran aground off Newport.

Her perverse nature asserted itself when she refused to be battered to pieces by the waves, as she richly deserved to be. The Texas was the first American battleship built after English plans, and this fact made her a cynosure for a long time. She was subjected to the most merciless criticism by navy men, who seem to be pretty well justified in their opinions. She is 301 feet 4 inches long, 64 feet 7 inches on the beam and has a displacement of 6,300 tons. She has only been one year in commission.

Magnificent Gift for Peoria.

Mrs. Julia Bradley, an aged woman of Peoria, Ill., has bestowed all her immense fortune, estimated at more than \$2,200,000, upon a school to be built in Peoria. Active work already has been begun. The course of study is almost finished, and within a month a meeting of the trustees will be held in Peoria.

Select Knights at Peoria.

The grand lodge of the Select Knights of America met at Peoria, Ill. The two beneficiary funds were merged into one and an amendment was passed allowing honorary members to become beneficiary members. Springfield was selected as the next place of meeting.

Rains Reduce Wheat Average.

As a result of the recent long continued rains it is now certain that the lands south to wheat this fall in Western Illinois, Northeastern Missouri and Southeastern Iowa will not exceed three-fourths of the acreage usually sown to wheat.

Arizona Republicans for Gold.

The Arizona State Republican convention met at Phoenix Tuesday. The platform indorses the national Republican platform as enunciated at St. Louis without any reservation whatever.

Silver Headquarters Close.

The local branch headquarters of the silver Democratic national committee at Washington have been closed and will not be reopened. They have been transferred to Chicago.

Gold Ticket for New York.

The New York gold Democratic party held a state convention in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Thursday. Daniel Griffin of Watertown was nominated for governor, Frederick W. Heinrichs of Brooklyn for lieutenant-governor and Spencer Clinton of Buffalo for associate justice of the court of appeals. A full set of electors was named Palmer and Buckner together with the Indianapolis platform were indorsed.

No Fusion in Alabama.

The Alabama state Republican campaign committee has decided to have no fusion or co-operation with any other party.

National Headquarters Opened.

National headquarters of the gold Democratic party were formally opened at the Palmer House at Chicago Monday.

The north-bound narrow-gauge passenger train, while running at a good rate of speed near Galesburg, Ill., jumped the track and went into the ditch. Engineer John O'Donnell went over with the engine and received serious injuries. The passengers were badly shaken up.

Bruce Christian, Fairfax, Mo., face injured.

Frank Maxwell, St. Louis, slightly burned.

Grosser Ray, St. Louis, body bruised.

G. H. Sutherland, St. Louis, shoulder hurt.

Leon Meyer, St. Louis, ankle sprained.

Leslie Wheeler, St. Louis, back injured.

Capt. Greiner, left arm broken, ankle sprained.

Capt. Glasscock of Ohio, badly cut.

Walter Elliott, Humansville, Mo., foot injured.

M. C. Dobson, Kansas City, Mo., sprained back.

Walter Sartorie, St. Louis, arm broken.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It is believed by several officers connected with the academy that it was the work of an incendiary. The cadets and officers, as well as Col. Fleet and family, lost everything they had, and the loss on personal property will amount to several thousand dollars. The total loss is estimated at \$75,000 and there was about \$40,000 insurance.

Japan Is Suspicious.

It is believed that the dispatch of a Russian squadron to Shanghai will be the first result of an agreement reached between Li Hung Chang and Russia, which is viewed with great anxiety and suspicion in Japan.

Fusion in Kentucky.

Fusion between the silver Democrats and the Populists in Kentucky was accomplished Tuesday.

Wesley Fly of Kendallville, Ind., committed suicide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The President has appointed James A. Keaton of Oklahoma to be associate justice of the supreme court of Oklahoma.

Bishop Samuel Fallows of Chicago was elected president of the brigade association, which embraces the survivors of the 39th, 40th, 41st and 49th Wisconsin regiments.

At a meeting of the Quincy, Ill., city council the ordinance committee reported recommending a curfew ordinance, and the council ordered the committee to draw up such an ordinance and present it at the next meeting.

James Callahan of Des Moines and A. Skimmer of Waverly, Iowa, have made public an offer of \$100,000 for the establishment of a home for the aged in this city, conditioned on others adding \$50,000.

The story is made public here that at the recent Methodist conference held in Evansville, Ind., several ministers were in possession of facts connected with the celebrated William E. Hinshaw murder case which have hitherto been kept from the public. It is said that Hinshaw has confessed the crime.

Archibald Beal, one of the oldest newspaper publishers in Northern Indiana, died at his home in La Porte Monday of tuberculosis. He published the Mishawaka Enterprise from 1853 to 1865 and succeeded the late Schuyler Colfax as publisher of the South Bend Register in 1865. He came to LaPorte in 1880 and purchased the Herald, of which he was business manager up to the time of his death.

In the hope of circumventing the coal trust many farmers in the northern part of Iowa are agitating the expediency of using corn for fuel during the coming winter. The choice is between coal at something like \$10 a ton and corn at 10 or 12 cents a bushel.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, holding its biennial session at Galveston, Texas, re-elected its grand officers.

The Pawnee Bank, at Pawnee, Ill., closed its doors. The liabilities are stated at \$51,000 and the assets at about \$75,000. The bank was operated by Leckridge Brothers.

Frank Ives, the billiard champion, was defeated at Boston Monday in a 14-inch balk-line game by George Carter, ex-champion of New England.

The second day's session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows was opened with the biggest parade ever seen in Texas. It was over two miles long.

Ex-Senator Philletus Sawyer of Wisconsin was 80 years old Tuesday, and he celebrated the anniversary by the most extensive birthday reception ever held in the State of Wisconsin.

Peter Schrieber at Huntington, Ind., assigned to Andrew Engle. His nominal assets are \$16,000 and liabilities \$5,000.

E. R. Graves & Co., Columbus, Ohio, assigned as a result of a big execution. They were the largest installment house in the city. Assets, about \$50,000; liabilities, \$25,000.

Gilbert M. Spier was appointed receiver at New York for the firm of Kennett, Hopkins & Co., under bond of \$25,000. The application was made by the firm. The reason for the application is that the firm cannot agree to a settlement after formal dissolution.

The Springdale creamery at West Branch, Iowa; V. R. Rowe, grain dealer at Atalissa, Iowa, and William Felkner, grain dealer at Downey, Iowa, have made assignments. They were forced to quit business by the failure of Ball & Co., bankers, at West Liberty.

Grand Sire Fred Carlton of Austin, Texas, was elected grand master of the Odd Fellows by the unanimous vote of the convention. For grand treasurer M. Richards Muckle of Philadelphia was the only candidate and was re-elected to that position by acclamation.

Citizens of Matawan, N. J., report a distinct earthquake there at 5:15 Monday afternoon. No damage is reported.

The Society of the Army of the Potomac is to meet next year in Troy, N. Y.

LATEST MARKET REPORTS.

CHICAGO.		
Cattle—Com. to prime.	\$1.25	@.510
Hogs—All grades.	1.60	@.325
Sheep and lambs.	2.40	@.430
Wheat—No. 2 red.	.64	@.64 1/2
Wheat—No. 2.	.21 1/4	@.21 1/2
Oats—No. 3 new.	.14 1/2	@.15
Rye—No. 2.	.33	@.33 1/2
Eggs.	.14	
Potatoes.	.18	@.23
Butter.	.07	@.14 1/2
ST. LOUIS.		
Cattle—All grades.	2.50	@.475
Hogs.	2.90	@.335
Sheep.	2.50	@.340
Wheat—No. 2 red.	.63 1/4	@.63 3/4
Corn—Cash.	.19 1/2	
Oats—Cash.	.16 1/4	
PEORIA.		
Rye—No. 2.	.40	@.41
Corn—No. 3.	.20 1/4	
Oats—No. 2.	.19	
KANSAS CITY.		
Cattle—All grades.	1.50	@.460
Hogs—All grades.	2.65	@.310
Sheep and lambs.	1.75	@.340
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 2 spring.	.60	
Corn—No. 2.	.22	
Oats—No. 2 white.	.20 1/4	
Barley—No. 2.	.23	
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—Cash.	.66 3/4	
Corn—No. 2.	.20 1/4	
Oats—No. 2.	.15	
Rye—No. 2.	.35	
Clover Seed—Cash.	.490	
NEW YORK.		
Wheat—No. 1 hard.	.71	
Corn—No. 2.	.26 1/2	
Oats—No. 2.	.20 1/4	
Butter.	.7 1/2	@.75
DETROIT.		
Wheat—No. 1 white.	.66 1/2	
Corn—No. 2.	.23	
Oats—No. 2 white.	.20 1/4	
Rye—No. 2.	.34 1/2	

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

CURRENT WIT AND HUMOR, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

La' Enking' Foo—A Unique Idea—The Bunco Man's X-Raise—Too Many Impossible—A Happy Man—Humor of the Political Campaign.

IS not the beauty of my fair close and closer, Though that is radiant, pure and rare, As all who know her, know, sir, 'Tis not her eyes whose jeweled deeps That draws me

'Would daze a fuddled doubter, Nor cushioned hair where Cupid sleeps—' Nay, 'tis the way about her.

She has an air, this maid divine! That is than grace more gracious; Yet bids me all my hope resign, Dare I to grow audacious. Her charms may woo me from afar, And then I vow to rout her; But in her presence there's a bar— It is that way about her.

Fair lady, artless in thy art, Which charm is thy protection; No longer awe my craven heart; By hints of cold rejection; Do not regard me with alarm— I cannot live without thee— But teach my willing heart—and arm— To find that way about thee! —Roe L. Hendrick.

For the Plain People. "Custard pie," said Mr. O'Racle, as he pursued a hunk of the viand around his plate with his fork, "is the most democratic of foods."

The new boarder, who had not yet learned that listeners at table are likely to lose valuable time, stopped eating and looked up.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Any strong degree of passion lends, even to the dullest, the forces of imagination. And now as he dwelt on what was probably awaiting him at the end of his distressful drive—John, who saw things little, remembered them less, and could not have described them at all, beheld in his mind's eye the garden of the Lodge, detailed as in a map; he went to and fro in it, feeding his terrors; he saw the hollies, the snow borders, the paths where he had sought Alan, the high, conventional walls, the shut door—what was the door shut? Ay, truly, he had shut it—shut in his money, his escape, his future life—shut it with these hands, and none could now open it! He heard the snap of the spring-lock like something bursting in his brain, and sat as stunned.

And then he woke again, terror jarring through his vitals. This was no time to be idle; he must be up and doing, he must think. Once at the end of this ridiculous cruise; once at the Lodge door, there should be nothing for it but to turn the cab and trundle back again. Why, then, go so far? why add another feature of suspicion to a case already so suggestive? Why not turn at once? It was easy to say, turn, but whither? He had nowhere now to go to; he could never—he saw it in letters of blood—he could never pay that cab; he was saddled with that cab forever. Oh, that cab! his soul yearned and burned, and his bowels sounded to be rid of it. He forgot all other cares. He must first quit himself of this ill-smelling vehicle and of the human beast that guided it—first do that; that, at least, do that at once.

And just then the cab suddenly stopped, and there was his persecutor rapping on the front glass. John let it down, and beheld the port-wine countenance inflamed with intellectual triumph.

"I ken wha ye are!" cried the husky voice. "I mind ye now. Ye're a Nicholson. I drove ye to Hermiston to a Christmas party, and ye came back on the box, and I let ye drive."

It is a fact. John knew the man; they had been even friends. His enemy, he now remembered, was a fellow of great good nature—endless good nature—with a boy; why not with a man? Why not appeal to his better side? He grasped at the new hope.

"Great Scott! and so you did," he cried, as if in a transport of delight, his voice sounding false in his own ears. "Well, if that's so, I've something to say to you. I'll just get out I guess. Where are we, anyway?"

The driver had fluttered his ticket in the eyes of the branch-toll keeper, and they were now brought to on the highest and most solitary part of the by-road. On the left, a row of fieldside trees beshaded it; on the right it was bordered by naked fallows, undulating down hill to the Queensferry road; in front, Corstorphine Hill raised its snow-bedded, darkling woods against the sky. John looked all about him, drinking the clear air like wine; then his eyes returned to the cabman's face as he sat, not ungleefully, awaiting John's communication, with the air of one looking to be tipped.

The features of that face were hard to read, drink had so swollen them, drink had so painted them, in tints that varied from brick red to mulberry. The small gray eyes blinked, the lips moved, with greed; greed was the ruling passion; and though there was some good nature, some genuine kindness, a true human touch, in the old top, his greed was now so set afire by hope, that all other traits of character lay dormant. He sat there a monument of gluttonous desire.

John's heart slowly fell. He had opened his lips, but he stood there and uttered nought. He sounded the well of his courage, and it was dry. He groped in his treasury of words, and it was vacant. A devil of dumbness had him by the throat; the devil of terror babbled in his ears; and suddenly, without a word uttered, with no conscious purpose formed in his will, John whipped about, tumbled over the roadside wall, and began running for his life across the fallows.

He had not gone far, he was not past the midst of the first field, when his whole brain thundered within him, "Fool! You have your watch!" The shock stopped him, and he faced once more toward the cab. The driver was leaning over the wall, brandishing his whip, his face empurpled, roaring like a bull. And John saw (or thought) that he had lost the chance. No watch would pacify the man's resentment now; he would cry for vengeance also. John would be had under the eye of the police; his tale would be unfolded, his secret plumed, his destiny would close on him at last, and forever.

CHAPTER X.

HERE he ran at first, John never very clearly knew; nor yet how long a time elapsed ere he found himself in the by-road near the lodge of Ravensston, propped against the wall, his lungs heaving like bellows, his legs leaden-heavy, his mind possessed by one sole desire—to lie down and be unseen. He remembered the thick

coverts round the quarry-hole pond, an untrodden corner of the world where he might surely find concealment till the night should fall. Thither he passed down the lane; and when he came there, behold! he had forgotten the frost, and the pond was alive with young people skating, and the pond-side coverts were thick with lookers-on. He looked on awhile himself. There was one tall, graceful maiden, skating hand in hand with a youth, on whom she bestowed her bright eyes perhaps too patently; and it was strange that with anger John beheld her. He could have broken forth in curses; he could have stood there, like a mortified tramp, and shaken his fist and vented his gall upon her by the hour—or so he thought; and the next moment his heart bled for the girl. "Poor creature, it's little she knows!" he sighed. "Let her enjoy herself while she can!" But was it possible, when Flora used to smile at him on the Braid ponds, she could have looked so fulsome to a sick-hearted bystander?

The thought of one quarry, in his frozen wits, suggested another; and he plodded off toward Craig Leith. A wind had sprung up out of the north-west; it was cruel keen, it dried him like fire, and racked his finger-joints. It brought clouds, too; pale, swift, hurrying clouds, that blotted heaven and shed gloom upon the earth. He scrambled up among the hazel rubbish heaps that surrounded the cauldron of the quarry, and lay flat upon the stones. The wind searched close along the earth, the stones were cutting and loy, the bare hazels wailed about him; and soon the air of the afternoon began to be veal with those strange and dismal harpings that herald snow. Pain and misery turned in John's limbs to a harrowing impatience and blind desire of change; now he would roll in his harsh lair, and when the flints abraded him, was almost pleased; now he would crawl to the edge of the huge pit and look dizzily down. He saw the spiral of the descending roadway, the steep crags, the clinging bushes, the peeping of snow-wreaths, and far down in the bottom, the diminished crane. Here, no doubt, was a way to end it. But it somehow did not take his fancy.

And suddenly he was aware that he was hungry; ay, even through the tortures of the cold, even through the frosts of despair, a gross, desperate longing after food, no matter what, no matter how, began to awake and spur him. Suppose he pawned his watch? But no, on Christmas day—this was Christmas day—the pawnshop would be closed. Suppose he went to the public house close by at Blackhall, and ordered the watch, which was worth ten pounds, in payment for a meal of bread and cheese? The incongruity was remarkable; the good folks would either put him to the door, or only let him in to send for the police. He turned his pockets out one after another; some San Francisco tram-car checks, one cigar, no lights, the pass-key to his father's house, a pocket-handkerchief, with just a touch of scent; no, money could be raised on none of these. There was nothing for it but to starve; and after all, what mattered it? That also was a door of exit.

He crept close among the bushes, the wind playing round him like a lash; his clothes seemed thin as paper, his joints burned, his skin curdled on his bones. He had a vision of a high-lying cattle-drive in California, and the bed of a dried stream with one muddy pool, by which the vagabonds had encamped; splendid sun over all, the big bonfire blazing, the stripes of cow-browning and smoking on a skewer of wood; how warm it was, how savory the steam of scorching meat! And then again he remembered his manifold calamities, and burrowed and wallowed in the sense of his disgrace and shame. And next he was entering Frank's restaurant in Montgomery street, San Francisco; he had ordered a pan-stew and venison chops, of which he was immediately fond, and as he sat waiting, Munroe, the good attendant, brought him a whisky punch; he saw the strawberries float on the delectable cup, he heard the ice clink about the straws. And then he awoke again to his detested fate, and found himself sitting, humped together, in a windy combe of quarry refuse—darkness thick about him, thin flakes of snow flying here and there like rags of paper, and the strong shuddering of his body clashing his teeth like a hiccough.

We have seen John in nothing but the stormiest conditions; we have seen him reckless, desperate, tried beyond his moderate powers; of his daily self, cheerful, regular, not unthrifty, we have seen nothing; and it may thus be a surprise to the reader, to learn that he was studiously careful of his health. This favorite preoccupation now awoke. If he were to sit there and die of cold, there would be mighty little gained; better the police call, and the chances of a jury trial, than the miserable certainty of death at a dike-side before the next winter's dawn, or death a little later in the gas-lighted wards of an infirmary.

He rose on aching legs, and stumbled here and there among the rubbish heaps, still circumscribed by the yawning crater of the quarry; or perhaps he only thought so, for the darkness was already dense, the snow was growing thicker, and he moved like a blind

man and with a blind man's terror. At last he climbed a fence, thinking to drop into the road, and found himself staggering among the iron furrows of a plowland, endless, it seemed, as a whole country. And next he was in the wood, beating among young trees; and then he was aware of a house with many lighted windows, Christmas carriages waiting at the door, and Christmas drivers (for Christmas has a double edge) becoming swiftly hooded with snow. From this glimpse of human cheerfulness, he fled like Cain; wandered in the night, unpiloted, careless of whither he went; fell, and lay, and then rose again, and wandered further; and at last, like a transformation scene, beheld him in the lighted jaws of the city, starting at a lamp which had already donned the tilted night-cap of the snow. It came thickly now, a "Feeding Storm;" and while he yet stood blinking at the lamp, his feet were buried. He remembered something like it in the past, a street-lamp crowned and caked upon the windward side with snow, the wind uttering its mournful hoot, himself looking on, even as now; but the cold had struck too sharply on his wits, and memory failed him as to the date and sequel of the reminiscence.

His next conscious moment was on the Dean Bridge; but whether he was John Nicholson of a bank in a California street, or some former John, a clerk in his father's office, he had now clean forgotten. Another blank, and he was thrusting his pass-key into the door-lock of his father's house. Hours must have passed. Whether crouched on the cold stones or wandering in the fields among the snow, was more than he could tell; but hours had passed. The finger of the hall clock was close on twelve; a narrow peep of gas in the hall-lamp shed shadows; and the door of the back room—his father's room—was open and emitted a warm light. At so late an hour, all this was strange; the lights should have been out, the doors locked, the good folk safe in bed. He marveled at the irregularity, leaning on the hall-table; and marveled to himself there; and thawed and grew once more hungry, in the warmer air of the house.

The clock uttered its premonitory catch; in five minutes Christmas day would be among the days of the past—Christmas!—what a Christmas! Well, there was no use waiting; he had come into that house, he scarce knew how; if they were to thrust him forth again, it had best be done and at once; and he moved to the door of the back room and entered.

Oh, well, then he was insane, as he had long believed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cider as a Medicine.

With the autumn apple season in view, it may be worth while to note Dr. Mortimer Granville's communication to the London Times, in which he recommends cider as a useful beverage for invalids generally and especially for the gouty. Says he:

"No inconsiderable part of the service performed by good cider in the cure of disease and the preservation of health is due to the same elements which combine to form the phloridzin obtainable from the bark of the stem and root of the apple, the pear, and certain other trees. This phloridzin—a glucoside—was some fifty years ago submitted to criticism as a probable substitute for quinine. It was not found to answer the purpose assigned to it, but experiment then and subsequently proved that it possessed two remarkable properties—the one so acting on the digestive functions that, after two or three weeks' use of this phloridzin, persons who could not appropriate certain elements of food necessary for their nutrition were able to do so; the other in acting in such a fashion on the glycogen accumulated in muscular tissue for 'work,' but which, when over-accumulated, causes at least one form of the trouble called 'rheumatism,' as to convert it into sugar and get rid of it."

The ordinary cider does not, however, possess the medicinal properties claimed by Dr. Granville. To quote his own words: "It is a fundamental condition of success in the manufacture of a cider for medicinal purposes that only apples of a single sort should be used in the production of the must, and that the fermentation should not be arrested, but allowed to proceed until the whole of the ferment is exhausted and the fermentable material broken into its elements."

How Snakes Move.

The vertebrae of a snake are fitted together by a kind of ball and socket articulation, which, however, is capable of only lateral or side-to-side motions. A snake moves by propelling himself on the points of his scales, which, to him, answers the purposes of ribs. A snake does not climb a tree or a bush by coiling around it, as most people who have not investigated the matter believe, but by balancing himself very evenly and holding on with the points and edges of his scales. A snake on a pane of glass or other polished surface where the scales cannot take hold is almost perfectly helpless.

Information Wanted.

"Gracious!" said the summer boarder. "What is that tower with the great wheel on top of it?" "That there is a windmill," the farmer explained. "Really? About how much wind will it turn out in a day?"

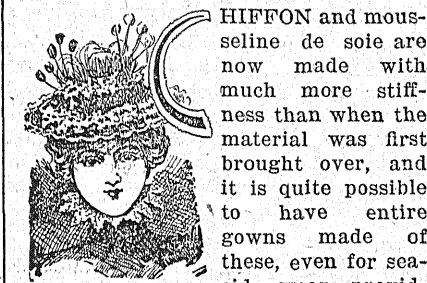
Kennebunkport's Woeful Fight.

Kennebunkport, Me., has had a skeleton scare over the discovered bones of a horse and dog. The latter was taken for a man foully murdered—dared.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—An Up-to-Date Woolen Gown—What Winter Hats Will Be Like—Luncheon Dainties—Fancies and Fads.



HIFFON and mouseline de sole are now made with much more stiffness than when the material was first brought over, and it is quite possible to have entire gowns made of these, even for seaside wear, provided the linings used are of good enough quality. By good enough is meant heavy enough. The most brilliant colorings are used in this material, but, as has before been said, are toned down by the linings and trimmings. One noticeably pretty gown made of the brightest apple green is an exquisitely delicate shade when made up over white silk and trimmed with black, while a yellow, so brilliant that it is dazzling to the eyes, assumes an odd, soft, warm shade lined with heliotrope and trimmed with white lace and the inevitable touches of black, which are again seen on every smart gown. The grass green over white was a noticeable gown at a dance. It was made with a ruching of the material separated and also headed by bands of very narrow black velvet ribbon, the waist finished around the shoulders also with a ruche and the narrow black velvet, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. A black velvet belt and bow of ribbon velvet two inches wide, and very odd sleeves in big puffs, separated by the



THE POPULAR FALL SLEEVE.

black velvet, completed this extremely odd design. The bright yellow gown, which was made up over heliotrope, had each seam of the skirt outlined with a band of lace insertion, and ruffles of lace were put on in scallops around the skirt.—Ex.

Winter Hats.

As to winter hats, you may wear, if you desire to be in style, anything



you please. Picture hats will be as fashionable as toques; small bonnets will be as much in demand as either. You may trim them anyway your taste suggests, high or low, broad or narrow. A visit to the millinery shops impresses one first and foremost with a sense of latitude rare in the domain of fashion. A field so wide is presented that many a woman might fancy she could pass off last year's hat, just touched up with the least bit in the world, for this year's latest importation.

In spite of man's vituperations, possibly the picture hat, as huge as ever

in its dimensions, as heavily beribboned and buckled and feathered, will make the highest bid for favor. It acts as a background for the thin face, it is a balance for the fat one. There are certain ruffled, fluffy costumes just suggestive of the picturesque that are not complete without it.

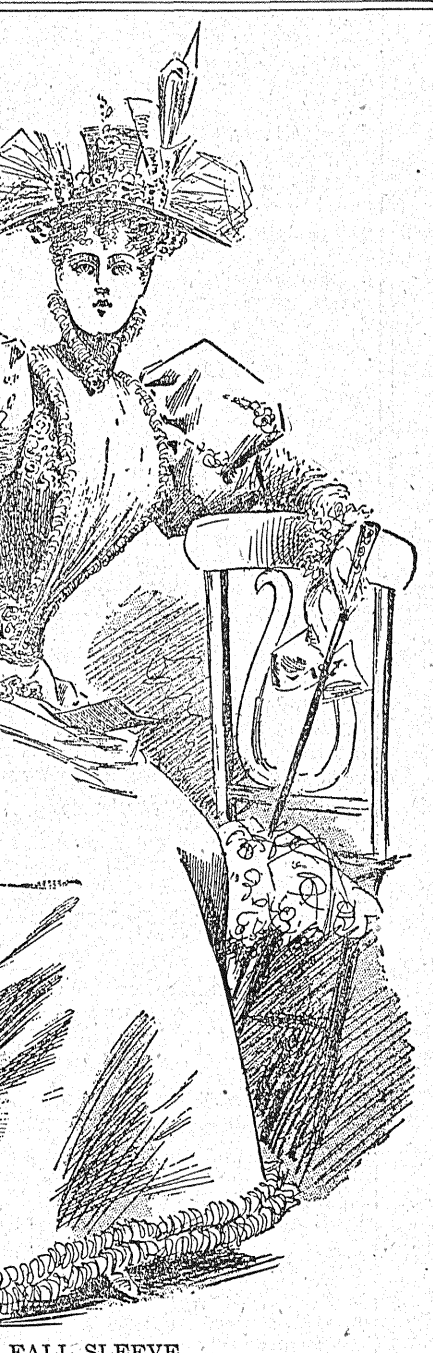
The winter leghorn, so called from its unstiffened, unwired soft brim that is allowed to flop at will, is perhaps the chief novelty of this year's picture hat. One of the most tasteful of these has a brim of black moire silk, with a crown of black velvet and half a dozen black feathers grouped with artistic carelessness at one side. "The chic of it," said the young woman who was balancing it on her head at a private view, "is in the wearing of it."—New York Journal.

A Woolen Gown.

The illustration shows a costume of navy blue woolen goods with a small,



white design scattered over it. The skirt is plain. The bodice is fitted at the back and laid in plaits in front, the middle plait being of white satin. White lace forms the trimming of the corsage,



and small epaulets of lace are placed at the top of the sleeves. The collar-ette is of white gauze, the belt of white satin.

Two Luncheon Dainties.

Sago souffle with currants—Pick from the stem three-quarters of a pound of nice large currants, weigh the same quantity of sugar and three ounces of cleaned sago. Put these three ingredients in a pot in alternate layers and cook it, without stirring, for twenty minutes. Shake the pot now and then to prevent burning. Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff and when the mixture is cooled mix the whites. Serve in a glass compotiere with a fresh currant sauce around it.

Swiss cream served in glasses—Take a pint of thick, sweet cream; mix into it half a pound of sugar, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two, three wine glasses of white wine (California hock); stir all together and put on ice for a few hours. Also put the individual glasses in which the cream is to be served on ice, that they, too, may be cold. When nearly ready to serve, beat the mixture with an egg beater until foam arises. Take off the foam and fill a glass. Continue to do so until the mixture is exhausted. Serve at once with sponge cake or lady fingers. Any kind of berries can be placed on this cream, or a small macaron. This is a most refreshing tidbit.

Fancies and Fads.

The more teapots you can get the better, only teapots you must have, if you pose as a connoisseur of bric-a-brac. You may have them of any sort of material—copper, silver, glass, in any color; and in any sort of pottery, only make their number plentiful and place them conspicuously in your cabinet.

Reality of Wart-Charming.

Prof. Newbold in Popular Science Monthly: The ease with which warts can be "charmed away" by suggestion has long been known. I will quote two cases: The patient in the first case was my wife, then a little girl, and the account was written for me by her mother. "I remember it all perfectly. It was when E— was about six years old, just before we went to Boston to live. She had had warts on her hands for over a year. They had spread until her hand was not only badly disfigured, but very painful, as they were apt to crack and bleed. Two physicians, both relatives of ours, had prescribed for them, and we had followed directions without success. We were in Lawrence, at M. P.—s. A lady came to tea, noticed the warts, and offered to remove them by a 'charm.' As I had once or twice been relieved in my childhood in the same way I was delighted at the offer. She went through some mummeries, rubbing them and muttering something, I think, and then announced that they would be gone in a month. They were, every one. In a few days they began to dry up and disappear. So far as I can remember she never had another. When I was a child there was a neighbor of ours who used to remove all the warts in the neighborhood. I never heard of his failing, and I know of many successful removals in our own family. He used a piece of thread. He would tie it around the wart—if he could—with great solemnity, rub it three times, and very carefully put the piece of thread in a paper in his pocket-book. This made a great impression on us, I remember. It seemed next to a church service, having your wart taken off."

Selected Recipes.

Fried Tomatoes—Scald and skin six large, firm tomatoes, cut in halves, dredge lightly with flour; fry in butter in hot spider. The juice, lightly thickened with flour and a lump of butter the size of a walnut, should be poured about them on platter.

Creamed Apple Sauce—One quart cold apple (green) sauce, one light cup powdered sugar, one cup rich milk (cream if possible), whites of two eggs, well frothed. Mix sugar and cream until well dissolved, then add whites of eggs and pour over the cold apple sauce. This dish will only require six minutes if apple sauce is ready.

French Pancakes—Beat together until smooth six eggs and half a pound of flour; melt four ounces of butter and add to the batter, with one ounce of sugar, one-quarter salt, one-quarter salt, one-quarter sugar, beat until smooth. Put a tablespoonful at a time into a hot frying pan slightly greased, spreading the batter evenly over the surface of the pan by tipping it gently; fry to a light brown; spread with jelly, roll each up and dust with powdered sugar.

Omelet—Break six eggs into a basin, beat thoroughly, adding a pinch of salt, dash of white pepper and two table-spoons of cream. Have spider hot and well greased; pour in and shake almost continually. If one has two table-spoons of cooked peas or asparagus tops or string beans they may be heated and added now, scattering on top lightly and rolled up in the omelet.

Canning Stringbeans—String the beans and cut them in several pieces, throw into boiling water, boil rapidly fifteen minutes. Have the jars ready filled with warm water to slightly heat. Empty and fill quickly with the beans. Large-mouth glass jars, with porcelain-lined or glass tops, should be used. They should be thoroughly heated before filling. A silver spoon handle should be passed around the inside of the jar to break any air bubbles that may be there, and the tops screwed on without delay. Stand jars, while filling, on a folded towel to prevent breakage. After sealing, stand the jars in a warm place over night. In the morning tighten the covers, and put them in a cool, dark place. In a week examine each jar carefully without shaking or disturbing more than is necessary. If you find the lids slightly indented, the contents free from air bubbles and the liquid settled, you may rest assured they will keep well.

Bird's-nest Pudding—Peel and core four medium-sized apples, place them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, and cook five minutes without breaking the apples; then remove the apples to a small pudding dish; mix one cup flour with one teaspoonful baking powder, a little salt, one tablespoonful sugar, and one teaspoonful butter, rub the butter fine in the flour; then mix one egg with three-quarters cup of milk, add it to the flour, mix into a batter and pour it over the apples, bake in medium hot oven about thirty minutes; serve with hard sauce.

Spiced Grape.—To make it, mash ripe grapes and cook until tender. Rub through a colander fine enough to retain the seeds. Measure the pulp and add two-thirds as much sugar. To every two quarts of grape add three teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and allspice, half a teaspoonful of cloves and a pint of good vinegar. Boil all twenty minutes, stirring often to prevent scorching. We don't pulp grapes by hand for sauce now, but mash with the potato masher and make as above without the vinegar and spices.

Fascinating, Indeed.

Mrs. Brownstone (dressed for the opera)—Am I quite perfect now, Musette?

Musette—Ah, pairfect—pairfect, madame! Even your husband will admire you tonight, madame!—Town Topics.

PERSIAN SOCIALISTS.

Emprisonment, Torture and Death Itself Do Not Appall the Baabi.

As to the real tenets of the baabis opinions differ, says the Fortnightly Review. They are socialists and undoubtedly adopt the system of community of property, while the orthodox Persians persistently assert that they practice polyandry, and the strange ceremonies of the Chiragh Karmush observed among the Yezedis, or devil worshippers of Kermanshah, a district near Kermanshah; be this as it may, it is quite certain that each Baabi looks upon himself as an incarnation of God and reverences the baab, i. e., Sayid Mohammed Ali, as the prophet of God and the veritable incarnation of the Deity Himself. Unfortunately for the secretaries of the baab, there is a very simple means of recognizing them. A man being suspected of baabism is requested to curse the baab; if he be a baabi he invariably refuses to do this, though he knows full well that the refusal will assuredly cost him his life, imprisonment, torture, death itself laid to shake the steadfast believers in the mission of the baab.

The writer saw a baabi led to prison in 1880; the man was a priest (mollah) who had been denounced by his wife. He was an old man and, though he was imprisoned and severely bastinadoed and offered life if he would curse the baab, yet he refused. When led to execution and entreated to curse the baab he replied:

"Curses on you, your prince (the zils-sultan, then governor of Isfahan), your king and all oppressors. I welcome death and long for it, for I shall instantly reappear on this earth and enjoy the delights of paradise."

When he ceased speaking the executioner advanced and slew him.

Bicycles Take the Place of Dogs.

Eastern dealers in dogs say that the demand for their stock has increased rapidly. They declare that the woman who formerly fondled poodles and terriers for amusement now devotes herself to her bicycle so enthusiastically that she has no leisure for dogs. The demand for large dogs has almost ceased, because the men who used to take them on their walks now ride a wheel and don't want to be bothered with dogs. Several men who ride regularly on the boulevard are followed by dogs, but this hasn't become a fad. A man who owns a kennel offered to make me a present of a St. Bernard pup the other day. This fact of itself bears out the plaint of the dog dealers, for the breed he asked me to choose from used to be quoted high here and elsewhere.

A Skilful Climber.

A tourist in Switzerland who was about to make the ascent of a mountain thought best to ask some questions as to the capabilities of his guide. "Is he a thoroughly skilful climber?" he asked of the hotelkeeper. "I should say so!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountain side and escaped without a scratch both times."—London Punch.

His Fanny Little Way.

Clara—He has such a funny little way of kissing me on the back of my neck.

Maude—Well, you know, he can't see your face from there.

The best judges of whiskey never taste it.

Fall Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier, cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

AVOID BUCKET SHOPS!

RESPECTABLE FIRM, E. S. MURRAY & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. FINE. Dr. H. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PATENTS. 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. Vice (J. Deane, late prin. examiner U.S. Pat. Office) Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash., D.C.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last way, 15 successful claims, 45% success.

MORRIS PERFECTION WELL POINT. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

EXTRA STRONG, GALVANIZED IRON AND STEEL. THREE TIMES MORE INFLUENCE. MANUFACTURED BY MARK MANUFACTURING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Plate Glass

WM. REID, LOCAL MANAGER. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO. Dept. 124 to 128 Third St. W. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Do you know that PLATE GLASS will add 50 per cent to

THE BEST BARGAINS ON RECORD.

A Cook Stove weighing nearly 300 lbs. Size of oven 21 x 22 inches. will accommodate 6 to 10 inch pie plates. Price \$10. I have only a limited number.

HEATING Stoves for Parlor use, \$3.00 to \$40.00. I carry the largest and best line of stoves in Tuscola County, see them.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED—
3,000 Yds. of Stapel Cotton Factory.
See it before buying elsewhere.

Ten dozen suits of Men's Underwear at 50 cents a suit.
Bed Blankets 10-4 wide, 50 cents a pair.
Cash paid for butter and eggs.

3 STORY BRICK. **J. L. HITCHCOCK.**

We are the Print Dealers!

3,500 yards just received to-day, (Aug. 4th) from 4 cts. to 9 cts. per yard.

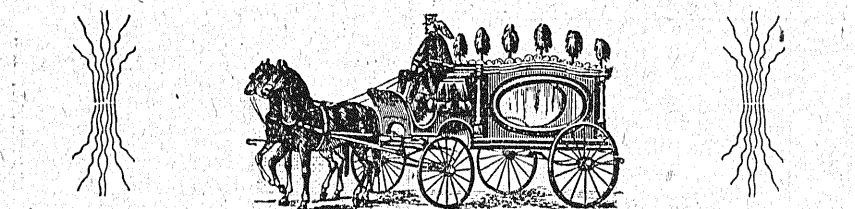
22 lbs dark brown Sugar.....	\$1.00	shipment of it coming soon we have
20 lbs light "Sugar.....	1.00	about 1000 lbs of 30c and 40c teas on
18 lbs granulated Sugar.....	1.00	hand that we will sell at greatly re-
10 lbs best Oatmeal.....	.25	duced prices.
3 cans Tomatoes.....	.25	30 ct tea for 18 cts lb or 6 lbs for. \$1.00
4 lbs cleaned Currants.....	.25	40 ct tea for 23 cts lb or 5 lbs for. \$1.00
7 bars Soap, (4 cts bar).....	.25	
1 lb Caramel Cereal, (makes 100	.15	
cup fine coffee).....	.15	
3 packages Mince Meat.....	.25	
36 lbs Rice.....	1.00	
2 bottles mixed Pickles.....	.25	
6 packages Pearlina.....	.25	
3.....	.25	
Spices per lb.....	.25	
1 lb War Chop Tea 25 cts, 4 1/2 lbs 1.00		
(equal to any 40 ct tea on the		
market.)		
Our tea trade has been confined		
largely to War Chop for the past year		
and as we will have another large		

Bargains in Shoes.

We are selling our goods as cheap as any one possibly can and we simply ask an opportunity to prove it.

CASH, BUTTER and EGGS SOLICITED

LAING & JAMES.



UNDERTAKING

Receives our personal attention and we will do our outmost to please you. A full line of Coffins. Caskets, Burial Robes, etc., always on hand. Night calls receive prompt attention. Showrooms north side of Main Street. Residence south end of Seegar Street.

Luther E. Karr,

Martin Anthes.

THE WHITE BICYCLES

Speed, Strength and Sterling Worth

Characterize the "White."

NONE SO STRONGLY APPEAL TO THE EXPERIENCED RIDER AS MEETING EVERY REQUIREMENT OF A PERFECT MOUNT.

THE EMBODIMENT OF BEAUTY, GRACEFUL DESIGN, LIGHTNESS AND DURABILITY.

Four Styles—At \$75 and \$100.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY FOR THE ENTIRE NORTHWEST.

OUR HANDSOME CATALOGUE, YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

Address: **White Sewing Machine Co.**
(Bicycle Department)
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.**
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A Full Line of Stationery

At the ENTERPRISE Office.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Thursday at the ENTERPRISE STRAM PRINTING HOUSE, Seegar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c., strictly in advance.

Advertisements.
All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office no later than Wednesday noon of each week, else they can not be inserted in that week's issue. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local column are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and other entertainments of a money-making character are 25c a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

The wide circulation of the ENTERPRISE in the counties of Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac, makes it a valuable advertising medium.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

OUR MOTTO:
PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

SUBLIME FOLLY.

Sublime folly—from their camps arise
Two mighty armies, eager for the fray.
The drum beats rolls, the brazen trumpets
bray,
And guns and bayonets flash against the skies.
Now shall be shown on which side victory lies.
Swords gleam, the booming cannon hurli dudy.
The quick, sharp rifle shots for death make way.
On high the bird of evil omen cries.

Men fall as in the field the full rip grain
Where hanging reapers swing the sickle's
blade.
In ranks they fall, never to rise again.
But wherefore the dread holocaust thus
made?
That just all doubt man may make this truth plain,
On honor more than life his heart is staid.
—Bishop Spaulding.

SOME LEAP YEAR LAWS.

A Woman Could Propose Six Hundred Years Ago and the Man Had to Accept.

In two countries, at least, and more than 600 years ago, laws were passed which gave women the right of proposing marriage. These enactments went even farther than this. They also stipulated that if the man whose hand had been sought should refuse he should incur a heavy fine.

A searcher among the ancient records of Scotland has recently discovered an act of the Scottish parliament, which was passed in the year 1288, which runs as follows:

"It is statut and ordainit that ilk for the years knowne as Lepe Year, ilk maiden lady of lawful birth and lawful estate shall have liberty to bespeak yowman she likes, albeit gif he refuses to talk hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of an dundis or less, as his estate may be; except and awis gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit ane ither woman, he then shall be free."

A year or two later a law almost similar to the Scottish enactment was passed in France and received the approval of the king. It is also said that before Columbus sailed on his famous voyage to the westward a similar privilege was granted to the maidens of Genoa and Florence.

There is no record extant of any fines imposed under the conditions of this Scotch law, and no trace of statistics regarding the number of spinsters who took advantage of it or of the similar regulations in France, but the custom seems to have taken firm hold upon the popular mind about that time. The next mention of it is dated nearly 400 years later, and it is a curious little treatise, called "Love, Courtship and Matrimony," which was published in London in 1606. In this quaint work the "privilege" is thus alluded to:

"Albeit it now becomes a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life, that, as often as every leap year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love either by wordes or looks, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who toth in any wise treat her paynfull with slight or contumely."

Up to within a century ago it was one of the unwritten laws of leap year that if a man should decline a proposal he should soften the disappointment which his answer would bring about by the presentation of a silk dress to the unsuccessful suitor for his hand.

A curious leap year superstition is still to be met with in some parts of New England, and that is that during leap year the "beans grow on the wrong side of the pod."—Philadelphia Examiner.

Mice and Rats in Japan.

There are small "deer" on the island that across no poetry or gracious sentiments. The mice, those pests of Japanese teahouses, roamed through the doll-houses at will by dark, the ornamental traceries and designs pierced in the pretty wood panels above the screens giving them free range of every room. They ran over my face, scratched my pillow, nibbled my fingers and kept me awake night after night with their rustling and gnawing. On the third night of mouse carnival I called the servants and had lights brought. The landlord heard the sounds and hustled across the court to see what the matter was. "I think there is a mouse in this house," I said. "Oh, certainly, certainly, honorable lady," he said, bowing low and proudly. "Yes, indeed, I have many, plenty of rats at the Momiji." And he could not at all understand why we should make such a trouble about so natural a thing and object to these sure evidences of abundant prosperity, these companions of Dalkoto, the god of plenty.—Ellen Bruhman, Seidmore in Century.

To Take a Raw Egg.

Egg oysters are very good if swallowed like a "native" and form an excellent way of taking raw eggs. Arrange them thus: Break a new laid egg into a glass containing half a teaspoonful of vinegar and season with pepper and salt.

AN ARTFUL APPEAL.

A Mendicant Who Succeeds in Extracting Silver From Passersby.

An illustration of the depth to which art of begging may be seen any evening after dark on the down town streets of Chicago. This woman has no favorite street. She simply plays them all, usually side streets, where the young man with his best girl as often glides through because the crowds are not so dense or the lights so brilliant.

This woman has two confederates who dress and act like laboring men. Each carries his little tin pail, and each shows evidence of having been hard at work. A young society man and his girl walk slowly along, indifferent to the world. Neither hears the almost inaudible appeal for help. As the young couple pass the mendicant the men with their tin pails and grimy hands stop short and block the way.

"Let's chip in a nickel apiece and help that poor, starving creature," says one of them.

"All right, Joe, I'll do it. I earned an extra quarter today, and I can just spare a nickel."

This not only attracts the attention of the lovers, but it brings tears to the eyes of the girl, and, curiously the thought flashes through the young man's mind that if two laborers can give up a portion of their hard earned money he can part with at least 25 cents and of-toner more, owing largely to what sort of an impression he wants to make upon his companion.

And so a bright silver coin drops into the cup held by the poor, starving creature, a few muffled sounds of "Bless you, my children, bless you," come from the bunch of rags sitting upon the raised step, and the little crowd of laborers, sweethearts and object of charity dissolves, each feeling happier and more contented.

The young man never knows he has been "worked," so to speak, and neither does the next victim or the next, for he it known that the programme related above is repeated until there are no lovers parading up and down the side streets at night.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A THRIFTLESS GENIUS.

The Hand to Mouth Existence That Was Led by Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt had no sense either of time or of money—a grave fault, perhaps an unpardonable vice, in a man who had a wife and children depending upon him. As long as he lived he was thrifless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt, though he blames himself freely and light heartedly, and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended nor actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages and to see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it.

"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities, or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect that if ever I was determined in anything it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry, for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters. She shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter day."

And in 1832:
"I never hear a knock at the door * * * but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 40 shillings."—Temple Bar.

How the Air is Purified.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, the great law of the universe, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents. Molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light and electricity.

When not in motion, air stagnates as water does and becomes offensive and bad, because it is easily impregnated with fine animal and vegetable dust as well as noxious gases. Certain physical conditions are always necessary for the continual movement of the air. We know that the diurnal motion of land and sea air brings the warm days and cool nights as well as the rain and wind. In the tropical regions as the sun rises the heat of the day increases, and the breeze sets in from the sea to the land. As the sun goes down the heat diminishes, and at sunset the temperature of sea and land are equal. At night again the breeze is from land to sea until morning, when the temperature may become equal and the sea breeze return.—Chauntiquan.

Velocity of Insects' Wings in Flight.

E. J. Mearns of The Science Record has been studying the flight of insects, with the object in view of ascertaining the wing strokes per second in the different species. Those upon which the record is complete are as follows: Wing strokes per second in the house fly, 330; drone bee, 240; working bee, 190; wasp, 110; hawk moth, 72; dragon fly, 28, and cabbage butterfly, 9.

Prosy Him In a Rage.

Mrs. Prosy—Reading is quite a passion with my husband.
Mrs. Dresser—So it is with mine when he reads my milliner's bill!—Pick Me Up.

Did You Ever

try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your Troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Painful Periods, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at T. H. Fritz, Drug Store.

Do not feed children on pork, pickles, plum cake, ginger snaps and fine flour and give them tea and coffee to drink. The stomachs and nervous systems of many children are ruined by such food. They need some coarser food like rye and Graham bread or corn meal cakes to form bone and sinew; to make their teeth strong and their eyes bright.

Condensed Testimony.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker, and manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a cough of two years standing, caused by La Grippe by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Balwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail, and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures Mrs. Hemming, 222 E. 25th St., Chicago always keeps it at hand and has no fear of Croup, because it instantly relieves Free Trials Bottles at T. H. Fritz, Drug Store.

It takes 350 lbs. of dried peppermint to produce one pound of oil. An acre of land will yield from six to ten pounds, and in exceptional cases even as great a quantity as fifty pounds. Last year the price ranged from \$1.60 to \$1.70 a pound. Three fifths consumed in the world is made in eight counties in Michigan.

One Week's Treatment Free.

Every invalid who visits the British Medical Institute, 106 South Washington Ave., Saginaw, and begins a course of treatment, will, till further notice, receive 20 days treatment, including all medicines, free of charge. The object in making this liberal offer is to convince the public of the superiority of the system of practice pursued by British Medical Institute.

If ordinary treatment has failed to relieve you, or if you are tired of being humbugged and maltreated by quacks and impostors, consult us. We have made the treatment of all chronic diseases the study of our life. If you are in need of honest treatment we will give it to you. Our staff consists of seven eminent specialists, and their combined wisdom is brought to bear in all complicated, difficult and doubtful cases. Consultation free either at institute or by mail. If you cannot call send stamp for question blank.

Our charges for treatment vary from \$5 to \$30 per month either by mail or at Institute. Only curable cases are accepted, and a cure is guaranteed in every case undertaken.

P. S.—Send 10 cents for our little illustrated booklet on Steam Nebulization, showing the only rational and successful treatment of Catarrh, Catarrhal deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

DR. HANDY'S Pile Cure CURES

Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. At drugists or by mail.

Send For Booklet.

W. H. HILL CO., Detroit, Mich.

NEURALGIA

AND RHEUMATISM CURED BY AR-THEO-PHON-I-A

You can try before you buy.

Sample bottle mailed FREE on receipt of 2c stamp and name of this paper. W. H. Hill Co., Detroit, Mich.



ESTABLISHED 1871

DETROIT, MICH.

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS REASONABLE RATES



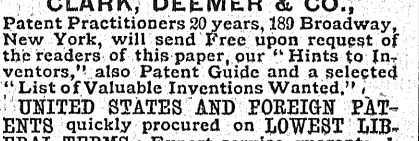
CLARK, DEEMER & CO.

Patent Practitioners 20 years, 189 Broadway, New York, will send Free upon request of the reader of this paper, our "Hints to Inventors," also Patent Guide and a selected "List of Valuable Inventions Wanted."

UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN PATENTS quickly procured on LOWEST LIBERAL TERMS. Expert service guaranteed. Clients' patents secured without charge. Advice FREE. NEW YORK IS THE ONLY PLACE TO SELL PATENTS. Gen. Rufus King personally supervises our Selling Department.

Address, CLARK, DEEMER & CO., Solicitors of Patents, Main Office 189 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Branches: Wash'n and Phila.

NOTE: All orders to procure patents received from readers of this paper are entitled to ONE YEAR'S subscription FREE.



Barrels of Money

Patents

Goods delivered.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

IS ON THE WRAPPER

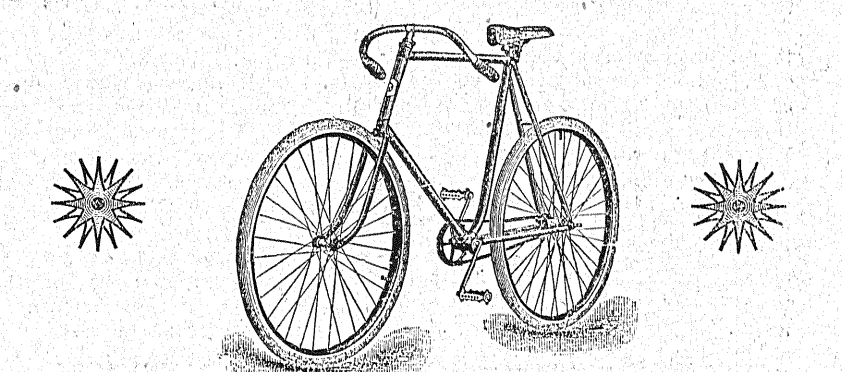
OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Be sure that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** is on every wrapper.

LOOK BELOW. READ BELOW.

SPEED BELOW. STRENGTH BELOW.



See That Curve

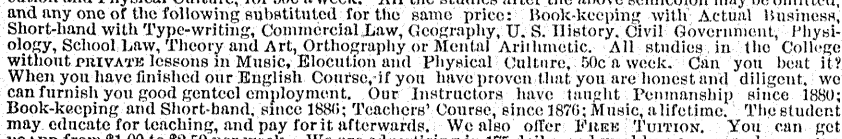
The wheel with no temper ruffles. None of the little breaks and bothers to ruffle a rider's mind. Don't think all wheels are alike. Sample the Keating fascination.

Send 4 cents for Art Catalogue.

Kating Wheel Co., Holyoke, Mass.

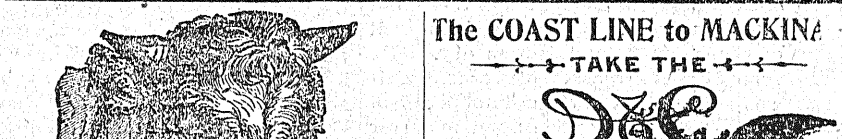
YERINGTON'S COLLEGE, St. Louis, Mich., 60c a week, will open the last Monday in September. Go where you can get the BEST EDUCATION for the least money. We are safe in saying this, for we have everything the student wants here, at convenient hours, and for less money than it can be had at any other institution in the United States, and the instruction is professional. EIGHT COURSES: COMMERCIAL, SHORT-HAND, PENMANSHIP, TEACHERS' ENGLISH, MUSIC, EDUCATION and PHYSICAL CULTURE; ALL FOR FIFTY CENTS PER WEEK. Only think of the advantages of a week on either Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin, Guitar, or in Voice Culture, Elocution and Physical Culture; with Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Arithmetic, Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, Letter-writing, Typewriting, Composition, Debating and Free drill in Music, Elocution and Physical Culture, for 50c a week. All the studies after the above mentioned may be omitted, and any one of the following substituted for the same price: Book-keeping with Actual Business, Short-hand with Typewriting, Commercial Law, Geography, U. S. History, Civil Government, Physiology, School Law, Theory and Art, Orthography or Mental Arithmetic. All studies in the College without previous lessons in Music, Elocution and Physical Culture, 50c a week. Can you beat it? When you have finished our English Course, if you have proven that you are honest and diligent, we will furnish you good general employment. Our instructors have taught Penmanship since 1880; Book-keeping and Short-hand, since 1882; Teachers' Course, since 1879; Music, a lifetime. The student may educate for teaching, and pay for it afterwards. We also offer FREE TUTORING. You can get books from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per week. We are advertising in 175 daily and weekly papers, and expect a large school next year. Don't fail to send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue to C. W. Yerington. Our new book "Tom, Dick and Harry and their Dog Leo," will be out by December 1st, 1893. Price \$1.00. Send for book, or for agents' rates, to the author, C. W. Yerington.

Send to Chicago Music Co., Chicago, Ill., for "Laughing Water," "Tempest and Sunshine March," 50c each. Composed and arranged for Piano by C. W. Yerington.



THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

TAKE THE



TO CLEVELAND MACKINAC.

Central Meat Market.

Meats of all kinds nicely served.

Stock bought for eastern markets.

Schwaderer Bros., Props.

Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery

We are headquarters for these goods. Get my prices on Oranges, Lemons, Bananas and Dried Fruits of all kinds. We can't be bent in prices.

Try Our

Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Dried Beef, Bologna, Hams, Halibut and Dried Herring. We also carry a line of Salt Fish. Get 25c. worth of Rolled Oats, Rice, Peaches or Pickles and be convinced. Highest market price for butter and eggs.

H. B. Fairweather.

Goods delivered.

2 New Steel Passenger Steamers

The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment, Artistic Furnishings, Decoration and Efficient Service, insuring the highest degree of COMFORT, SPEED AND SAFETY.

Four Trips PER WEEK BETWEEN Toledo, Detroit & Mackinac

PETOSKEY, "THE SOLO" MARQUETTE, AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to picturesque Mackinac and Return, including Meals and Berths. From Cleveland, \$18; from Toledo, \$15; from Detroit, \$13.50.

EVERY EVENING Between Detroit and Cleveland

Connecting at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest.

Sunday Trips June, July, August and September Only. EVERY DAY BETWEEN Cleveland, Put-in-Bay & Toledo

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHWARTZ, C. & A. CANTON, MICH. The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

THE SAGINAW WEEKLY NEWS

is sent to any address for 75 cents a year. This price includes any of its premiums. Complete telegraphic news service. Reliable foreign and local markets. Full accounts of all local happenings. A correspondent in every town in this section.

307 TUSCOLA ST., SAGINAW, MICH.

Our Kitchen

No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using **NONE SUCH Mince Meat**. The best reason is its **saving**—of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free a book—"Mrs. Popkins' Thanksgiving"—by one of the most famous humorous authors of the day.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Is As Clean As Yours

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Call at A. A. McKenzie's and see the

NEW FUNERAL CAR.

One of the Finest in The Thumb.

Caskets and Coffins at from \$2.00 to \$200.

A. A. McKenzie, Undertaker.

CHEAP HOMES

—IN THE—

THUMB OF MICHIGAN.

(Sanilac, Tuscola and Huron Counties.)

3,000 Acres

OF CHOICE FARM LANDS.

We give below a few of the many **CHOICE FARM LANDS** which have been listed with us for sale to which we respectfully call your attention:

- 120 Acres, 108 acres well improved and well fenced. Good bank barn 36x52, outside granary 16x24, fair house, two good wells of water, good young orchard. 1/4 mile from school, general store, post office, church and blacksmith shop. Seven miles from railroad and good market. \$25.00 per acre, \$1,500 down, balance to suit purchaser.
- 40 Acres of land, 5 miles from Cass City. Good location, good soil. Price \$15.00 per acre.
- 120 Acres, 90 acres improved, new bank barn, 40x50, fairly well fenced, good comfortable frame house, good well of water and windmill, also good orchard. \$25.00 per acre.
- 40 Acres of land, 3 1/2 miles from Cass City, some green timber, good soil and easily cleared. Price \$8.00 per acre.
- 160 Acres, with 50 acres improved, frame barn 34x50, comfortable house and only eight miles from two good markets. At a bargain.
- 80 Acres of land all improved. Good bank barn 36x60, good frame house. Six and one-half miles from railroad and market. Close to a good school. At a bargain.
- 160 Acres of land, 120 acres improved. 2 good frame barns, comfortable house, good orchard. Eight miles from railroad and market. \$25.00 per acre.
- 80 Acres of land, with sixty improved. Comfortable house, stable, good young orchard. \$20.00 per acre.
- 120 Acres of land, with 90 acres well improved, 40 acres of green wood, 2 frame barns, comfortable house, large orchard, good school just across the road, 1 1/2 miles from railroad and good market. \$25.00 per acre.
- 40 Acres, with 15 acres improved. Price \$8.00 per acre.
- 80 Acres, 5 miles from Cass City, 1/2 hardwood land, 1/2 black ash. Price \$650, 1/2 down, balance to suit purchaser.
- 40 Acres, 4 miles from Cass City, partly cleared, balance easily cleared, new house, good well of water, good road, convenient to school. Price 700, \$200 down, balance to suit purchaser.
- 80 Acres, 65 acres cleared. House, barn, orchard, well, good soil. Within 1/2 mile of school and church. Eight miles from Cass City. Price \$1,600; terms \$600 down, balance to suit purchaser.

Parties desiring to inspect any of these bargains will be given free transportation from Cass City.

REFERENCES—Exchange Bank, Cass City; Cass City Bank, Cass City.

A. A. MCKENZIE,
REAL ESTATE DEALER. CASS CITY, MICH.

HISTORIC TRAGEDY.

CONVICTION OF JOSEPH LESURQUES AND THE SAD SEQUEL.

An Unfortunate Resemblance and a Fatal Combination of Circumstances Caused the Execution of a Man Whose Innocence Was Afterward Established.

Although Lesurques was executed as far back as 1790, though his innocence was established in 1801, though his property was restored to the family in 1824, the corps legislatif, after the family had tried for over half a century to have his memory judicially rehabilitated, definitely refused in 1869 to perform this last remaining act of justice. The pedantry of French law forbade the questioning of a jury's verdict by any one save the person directly interested. But though the law has failed to remove the stigma on the name of an innocent man, literature and the drama have made him a popular hero. "The Lyons Mail," in which his honor is thoroughly vindicated, has been one of the most popular of all French melodramas, and the combined genius of Charles Reade and of Henry Irving have made it one of the great successes of the modern English stage.

Poor Lesurques, who, when he perished on the scaffold, was but 33 years of age, was a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. He married, in 1790, Mlle. Camille, a lady of respectable family in Douai and possessed of a handsome dowry. Their children therefore were very young and it was in order to give them the benefit of a superior education that he relinquished a public appointment at Douai and came to Paris, there to live on his own private fortune, which amounted to about 7,500 francs a year. He had but just arrived in the capital and was superintending the furnishing of his new home when the thunderbolt fell.

On April 27, 1806, the mail coach between Lyons and Paris was attacked and plundered and the postilion and courier were murdered. There were no witnesses to the crime, but it was reported that a party of horsemen had been seen in the vicinity at about the time it was committed. These horsemen had taken dinner at an inn at Montgeron. One of Lesurques' friends named Guenot was arrested on suspicion and his private papers were seized. There was no evidence to hold him on except that he answered the description of one of the supposed murderers, and he was dismissed. Next day he was told to call for his papers at the central bureau. He was accompanied thither by Lesurques, an act of madness on the part of the latter had been guilty.

It happened that just at that time the judge was taking the depositions of witnesses who lived in the neighborhood of the scene of the murder. Among these were two maid-servants of Montgeron, who uttered simultaneous screams at the appearance of the two friends. They were put into the witness box and swore positively that two of the horsemen were present in the audience. When confronted with Lesurques and Guenot, they positively identified them. Both were arrested and thrown into prison. At the trial four other witnesses corroborated their testimony with equal emphasis as regarded Lesurques, but were doubtful about Guenot. The latter succeeded in establishing a satisfactory alibi and was released. The former's attempted alibi seemed to break down badly when the daybook of the jeweler, Lagrand, to whom he swore he had sold a bill of goods on the very day of the murder—was produced in court and the date of the charge was found to have been altered. In vain the jeweler protested that the first date was a mistake, which he had immediately corrected, and he and all the other witnesses for Lesurques were looked upon as self convicted perjurers. Lesurques was found guilty and executed, together with one of the real murderers, named Courtois, who, on mounting the scaffold, confessed of his own guilt, but declared the innocence of Lesurques. Doubts began to arise as to the justice of Lesurques' sentence and finally it was discovered that he had suffered through an extraordinary resemblance to one Dubois, the real criminal, who was brought to justice in 1801, convicted and executed.

This convoluted case had most deplorable sequel. The unhappy Mme. Lesurques went mad on hearing the news of her husband's condemnation. The children were as yet too young to understand their trouble, but as they grew up one thought alone possessed them—that of vindicating their dead father. It is easy to understand how brooding over this purpose drove one daughter to the madhouse in which her mother had been confined.

It is curious that one of the witnesses against Lesurques—the woman Alfroy—also went insane from grief and remorse at her error. Still another victim was another daughter of Lesurques, who, worn out by the fruitless struggle with the pedantry of the French laws, drowned herself in the Seine. His son left France, took service in the Russian army and courted and found death there. As regards Lesurques' fortune, which had been confiscated, his unhappy family were more successful. In 1824, just 28 years after their father's death, they obtained a grant of 244,000 francs, supplemented in 1835 by another grant of 252,000 francs.—London Public Opinion.

Sensitiveness. Remedies for sensitiveness are so numerous that one need never be at a loss for something to try. They range from an empty stomach and a stringent diet to a few bits of ice, chloroform or laudanum, or sugar, or brandy, or champagne, or porter. One of the most novel is based on the theory that sensitiveness is due to nervousness. To allay it, people on going aboard are recommended to bandage their eyes with a handkerchief, thus to avoid seeing the motion of the ship.—New York Journal.

ANTHRACITE COAL SUPPLY.

According to Recent Estimates, It Will Run Out In a Hundred Years.

The Bond Record has been making a careful investigation of the anthracite coal industry. No expense has been spared to obtain correct information, so that those interested in the coal carrying railroads and other companies owning or leasing coal lands may be able to judge of the present prospective values of their properties. Eleven corporations control 96 per cent of the available coal supply.

According to the summarized estimate of The Bond Record, in 100 years, on the basis of shipments made in 1896, the supply of anthracite coal will be exhausted. The largest proportion of the annual increase of tonnage has been furnished by the Wyoming region. In 1894 Lehigh and Schuylkill furnished 45 per cent and Wyoming 50 per cent of the year's output, but the Wyoming region is nearing the point of maximum output and increase of tonnage is likely soon to diminish. The present annual capacity of the anthracite region is about 67,000,000 tons, or about 21,000,000 tons in excess of annual consumption. It is therefore clear that production should be reduced, as the oversupply prostrates the market and at the same time encourages waste in the world. Unless the gross mismanagement and criminal wastefulness that have characterized the anthracite industry for the past few years are stopped they will result in the ruin of the coal properties engaged in the mining and transportation of coal.

Could the various interests involved co-operate and limit the production of the mines to meet the requirements of the market, at fair prices, before many years, with the increasing consumption, the demand would equal production, there would be an end to the present demoralized markets and those who have invested their savings in the stocks and bonds of these anthracite properties would eventually get back their investment with interest.

But the great fact which this publication of The Bond Record discloses is the brief period of time which we can depend upon the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania to supply us with heat and power. Its place will have to be supplied by some other element, and there is none in sight so admirably adapted for the purpose. The supply of bituminous coal is practically exhausted, but this greasy, sooty, dirty fuel is a resource from which our generation ought to be profoundly thankful it is spared.

SHE WAS SHY ONE TURK.

Protest of an Audience Against Bernhard's Loss of a Servant.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entrance accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrases. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the bull-balloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in this house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?" The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."—New York Evening Sun.

Capture of a Slave Caravan.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on Nov. 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mlazi's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately dispatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory—either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over 700 strong. There were 7 owners of ivory and 59 owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded posthaste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zambazi soldiers, a noncommissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles and a host of native allies, but without firing a shot he captured the caravan.—Diary of the Late E. J. Glavin in Century.

Annoying.

"Isn't it awfully annoying to be near-sighted?" asked the man who delights in personal questions.

"If you had waited as I have," answered the afflicted one, "nearly ten minutes for a blasted little lightning bug to get by, under the impression that it was a bicycle bell coming down the street, you would know that it was annoying."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Of what use is genius if the organ is too convex or concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life?—Emerson.

Many chronological authorities date from the foundation of the world, but the widest possible diversity exists as to when this event occurred.

Hungarian is the poorest of hay if allowed to get ripe; cattle do not digest the seeds, and the stems are simply straws. Cut them in bloom, and, properly cured, it is excellent feed. Considering the light cost, it is a question if it is not as cheap a food as corn for cattle.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Farmers' Attention.
Cheap reliable insurance at low rates. 4-24-11 E. B. LANDON.

Societies.

J. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
GEO. PERKINS, N. G.
A. MCKENZIE, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.
W. F. FAWCETT, Commander.
S. F. BIGELOW, Record Keeper.

L. O. L.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 244, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
D. J. LANDON, W. M.
GEO. W. SEED, Secretary.

Professional Cards.

G. F. MILLS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Graduate of Michigan University. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Eyes tested and glasses accurately fitted. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m. Office over Fritz's drug store. Residence, the James Stuart residence on Houston Street, Cass City, Mich. 1-10-16.

I. A. FRITZ,
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over Fritz's drugstore. Not at home on Tuesdays.

A. A. MCKENZIE,
AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-3-94.

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery. References: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in Second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. TIME CARD.

In effect June 21, 1896.

GOING NORTH		STATIONS		GOING SOUTH	
Time	Pass.	Time	Pass.	Time	Pass.
9:00	A. M.	Port Huron	10:30	4:30	P. M.
9:15	A. M.	Yale	10:45	4:45	P. M.
9:30	A. M.	Brown City	11:00	5:00	P. M.
9:45	A. M.	Marquette	11:15	5:15	P. M.
10:00	A. M.	Clifford	11:30	5:30	P. M.
10:15	A. M.	Mayville	11:45	5:45	P. M.
10:30	A. M.	Yassar	12:00	6:00	P. M.
10:45	A. M.	Bay City	12:15	6:15	P. M.
11:00	A. M.	Port Huron	12:30	6:30	P. M.

PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R.
PASSENGER TIME CARD.
Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH		STATIONS		GOING SOUTH	
Time	Pass.	Time	Pass.	Time	Pass.
9:00	A. M.	Pontiac	10:40	4:00	P. M.
9:15	A. M.	Ann Arbor	10:55	4:15	P. M.
9:30	A. M.	Ypsilanti	11:10	4:30	P. M.
9:45	A. M.	Dearborn	11:25	4:45	P. M.
10:00	A. M.	Westland	11:40	5:00	P. M.
10:15	A. M.	Livonia	11:55	5:15	P. M.
10:30	A. M.	Warren	12:10	5:30	P. M.
10:45	A. M.	East Warren	12:25	5:45	P. M.
11:00	A. M.	East Warren	12:40	6:00	P. M.
11:15	A. M.	East Warren	12:55	6:15	P. M.
11:30	A. M.	East Warren	1:10	6:30	P. M.
11:45	A. M.	East Warren	1:25	6:45	P. M.
12:00	P. M.	East Warren	1:40	7:00	P. M.
12:15	P. M.	East Warren	1:55	7:15	P. M.
12:30	P. M.	East Warren	2:10	7:30	P. M.
12:45	P. M.	East Warren	2:25	7:45	P. M.
1:00	P. M.	East Warren	2:40	8:00	P. M.
1:15	P. M.	East Warren	2:55	8:15	P. M.
1:30	P. M.	East Warren	3:10	8:30	P. M.
1:45	P. M.	East Warren	3:25	8:45	P. M.
2:00	P. M.	East Warren	3:40	9:00	P. M.
2:15	P. M.	East Warren	3:55	9:15	P. M.
2:30	P. M.	East Warren	4:10	9:30	P. M.
2:45	P. M.	East Warren	4:25	9:45	P. M.
3:00	P. M.	East Warren	4:40	10:00	P. M.
3:15	P. M.	East Warren	4:55	10:15	P. M.
3:30	P. M.	East Warren	5:10	10:30	P. M.
3:45	P. M.	East Warren	5:25	10:45	P. M.
4:00	P. M.	East Warren	5:40	11:00	P. M.
4:15	P. M.	East Warren	5:55	11:15	P. M.
4:30	P. M.	East Warren	6:10	11:30	P. M.
4:45	P. M.	East Warren	6:25	11:45	P. M.
5:00	P. M.	East Warren	6:40	12:00	P. M.
5:15	P. M.	East Warren	6:55	12:15	P. M.
5:30	P. M.	East Warren	7:10	12:30	P. M.
5:45	P. M.	East Warren	7:25	12:45	P. M.
6:00	P. M.	East Warren	7:40	1:00	P. M.
6:15	P. M.	East Warren	7:55	1:15	P. M.
6:30	P. M.	East Warren	8:10	1:30	P. M.
6:45	P. M.	East Warren	8:25	1:45	P. M.
7:00	P. M.	East Warren	8:40	2:00	P. M.
7:15	P. M.	East Warren	8:55	2:15	P. M.
7:30	P. M.	East Warren	9:10	2:30	P. M.
7:45	P. M.	East Warren	9:25	2:45	P. M.
8:00	P. M.	East Warren	9:40	3:00	P. M.
8:15	P. M.	East Warren	9:55	3:15	P. M.
8:30	P. M.	East Warren	10:10	3:30	P. M.
8:45	P. M.	East Warren	10:25	3:45	P. M.
9:00	P. M.	East Warren	10:40	4:00	P. M.
9:15	P. M.	East Warren	10:55	4:15	P. M.
9:30	P. M.	East Warren	11:10	4:30	P. M.
9:45	P. M.	East Warren	11:25	4:45	P. M.
10:00	P. M.	East Warren	11:40	5:00	P. M.
10:15	P. M.	East Warren	11:55	5:15	P. M.
10:30	P. M.	East Warren	12:10	5:30	P. M.
10:45	P. M.	East Warren	12:25	5:45	P. M.
11:00	P. M.	East Warren	12:40	6:00	P. M.
11:15	P. M.	East Warren	12:55	6:15	P. M.
11:30	P. M.	East Warren	1:10	6:30	P. M.
11:45	P. M.	East Warren	1:25	6:45	P. M.
12:00	P. M.	East Warren	1:40	7:00	P. M.
12:15	P. M.	East Warren	1:55	7:15	P. M.
12:30	P. M.	East Warren	2:10	7:30	P. M.
12:45	P. M.	East Warren	2:25	7:45	P. M.
1:00	P. M.	East Warren	2:40	8:00	P. M.
1:15	P. M.	East Warren	2:55	8:15	P. M.
1:30	P. M.	East Warren	3:10	8:30	P. M.
1:45	P. M.	East Warren	3:25	8:45	P. M.
2:00	P. M.	East Warren	3:40	9:00	P. M.
2:15	P. M.	East Warren	3:55	9:15	P. M.
2:30	P. M.	East Warren	4:10	9:30	P. M.
2:45	P. M.	East Warren	4:25	9:45	P. M.
3:00	P. M.	East Warren	4:40	10:00	P. M.
3:15	P. M.	East Warren	4:55	10:15	P. M.
3:30	P. M.	East Warren	5:10	10:30	P. M.
3:45	P. M.	East Warren	5:25	10:45	P. M.
4:00	P. M.	East Warren	5:40	11:00	P. M.
4:15	P. M.	East Warren	5:55	11:15	P. M.
4:30	P. M.	East Warren	6:10	11:30	P. M.
4:45	P. M.	East Warren	6:25	11:45	P. M.
5:00	P. M.	East Warren	6:40	12:00	P. M.
5:15	P. M.	East Warren	6:55	12:15	P. M.
5:30	P. M.	East Warren	7:10	12:30	P. M.
5:45	P. M.	East Warren	7:25	12:45	P. M.
6:00	P. M.	East Warren	7:40	1:00	P. M.
6:15	P. M.	East Warren	7:55	1:15	P. M.
6:30	P. M.	East Warren	8:10	1:30	P. M.
6:45	P. M.	East Warren	8:25	1:45	P. M.
7:00	P. M.	East Warren	8:40	2:00	P. M.
7:15	P. M.	East Warren	8:55	2	

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

People who plant trees need no monuments over their graves.

It takes a vast amount of brains to be funny without being ridiculous.

It is reported that the sultan of Turkey is about to fall. It ought to be fatal.

The man who is not satisfied with himself always grumbles about his surroundings.

Men resemble machines to the extent of generally being broke when they are worn out.

Half the hard work in the world is done merely for the purpose of starting somebody.

A story is one of those things that has to be either very new or very old in order to be useful.

Faith among different people is like eating out of the same dish with different colored spoons.

It is beginning to look very much as though the European powers were at last preparing for a Turkey dinner.

If people would take as much pains to avoid trouble as they do to get out of it, life would have fewer rocky spots in the path.

The medicine which civilization is compounding for the sick man of Europe seems to fill him as full of unpleasant anticipations as a nice big spoon of castor oil does an ailing small boy.

Seth Bassett, a Connecticut boy, claims to have been chased by a snake eighteen feet long, and yet the people who know Seth say he never takes anything stronger than plain lemonade.

It is said that Chin Ye Hi Pum, the Korean minister, eats ice cream for breakfast, dinner, supper and between meals. His mother or one of his grandmothers must have been a Chicago girl.

There has been a considerable reduction in the customs duty on corn imported into Mexico, and according to a report to the state department by United States Consul-General Crittenden, at the City of Mexico, the rate of duty for August was \$1 per "carga" of 300 pounds, which is a reduction of forty cents per "carga."

Melissa Hunt of Fishkill, N. Y., aged fifteen, had long sought her brothers to buy her a piano. They pretended to demur, but secretly purchased one and had it placed in the parlor while the sister was away. Upon her return her amazement was so great that she threw up both hands and fell shrieking to the floor. Joy had turned her brain; but she will likely recover, we are happy to state. Young ladies who read this should fortify themselves against such sudden surprises. A piano may be coming your way.

It is claimed that a well-known bicycle manufacturing company will build nothing but chainless bicycles next year. They have the patents on the latest and most improved bevel gear, and will put it on all their wheels. Experimental machines of the gear consisted in a gear case so as to attract no attention, have been run up to 15,000 miles over the roughest ground without wear or necessity of any readjustment, and the invention is pronounced perfect by all mechanical engineers who have seen it. Great speed can also be attained and there is practically no lost power.

The Minnesota fire warden's report closes with a statement of the utility of the forests and argument for their preservation. The Minnesota forests are a great natural reservoir of moisture feeding hundreds of streams, which fertilize the soil and turn the machinery of manufacturers. They afford an important industry and home market for agricultural supplies. The pine forests should also be valuable as health resorts, for it has been conclusively shown by scientific observations that forest air is much richer in ozone than the air of open countries. The celebrated Swedish iron is produced by charcoal instead of mineral coal, and it would seem that the conversion of Minnesota ore into iron by charcoal should be encouraged by the state, rather than have it all shipped away in crude condition. This, while creating a new industry, would furnish a new incentive for perpetuating the forests. No abatement of the seemingly ruthless consumption of pine can at present be expected, for great companies have their capital all embarked in the business and have built railroads specially for lumbering. They cannot now stop without financial failure, and if we are to have permanent forests it must be the state or the United States that will conserve them.

There is a wave of feminine horror oversweeping the land at the announcement by Jeannette L. Gilder that she has never in her life worn evening dress and never intends to. Still this revolt against fashion is forgivable, for it is balanced by the added fact that she has likewise never worn bloomers.

It is now assured that the Third avenue railway in New York will adopt air motors as propelling power. This will not be the first time, however, that a railway has been run on wind.

CUPID IN THE RANKS.

INVADERS THE CAMP OF THE SALVATION VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel Pattle Watkins Has Lately Become the Wife of Captain Lindsay of the Same Organization — Her Work for the Cause.

MISS Pattle Watkins of Ballington Booth's Salvation Volunteers, who was recently married to Captain Frederick A. Lindsay of the same organization, is the colonel commanding the New York and New Jersey regiment. She is the prettiest and sweetest lass in the Volunteers and had that distinction also in the old Salvation army before she left it. Miss Watkins became identified with the Salvation army about twelve years ago, and is almost as well known in London as she is in New York. She is about 28 years old and was born in Wales, where her father was a mining engineer and a man of means. She attended a young ladies' seminary at Cardiff and was converted at 15. Soon after that happy taking place a lot of strolling Salvationists passed through Cardiff and Miss Watkins became interested in their life and the work and determined to become one of them. She went to London, entered the Salvation Army training school and was assigned to work in London. In 1886 a call was issued for volunteers to go



MRS. WATKINS-LINDSAY.

to America. Miss Watkins was the first to volunteer. When she arrived she was a lieutenant and was sent to Taunton, Mass. She was later transferred to Boston, thence to Fall River and five years ago to New York. She took charge of the Bowery corps to find them \$5,000 in debt. When she left it to join the Volunteers it had \$800 in the treasury. She is small in stature, has a very graceful figure, olive complexion, dark hair, and large, oxlike eyes. The wedding is to take place in Carnegie Hall.

A MONSTER DIAMOND.

South America Produces the Largest Sparkle in Existence.



The largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made into a crown. It is a monster diamond, and is nowise beautiful, this immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genius that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy, a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America, and vouches for its size. He offered its owner \$17,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than \$50,000. Broken into available pieces and polished it will probably sell for \$65,000. Were it of the crystalline kind its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victorian diamond, which sold for \$1,500,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind the wealth of a Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other

uses of this sort. These uncrystallized black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallized diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the noncrystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many branches of manufacture.

LONDON "TOSHERS."

Go Through the Sewers to Search for Articles of Value.

Shoremen, or shoreworkers, they sometimes call themselves, but their most familiar appellation is "toshers," and the articles they pick up "tosh." They really belong to another well-known class, the mudlarks, but consider themselves a grade or two above these latter, for the genuine tosher does not confine himself as they do, traveling through the Thames mud and picking up odd pieces of coal or wood, copper, nails, bolts, iron and old rope. The tosher, when the coast is clear of the police, makes his way into the sewers, and will venture sometimes for miles in quest of valuables that occasionally find their way into them by the kitchen sink or the street grating. When about to enter the sewers these men provide themselves with a pole seven or eight feet long, on one end of which there is a large iron hoe, a bag carried on the back, a canvas apron tied around them, and a dark lantern, similar to a policeman's. This they strap on their right breast, so that while walking upright through the large sewers the light is thrown straight in front. When they come to

the branch sewers and have to stoop, the light is thrown directly at their feet. As they make their way they use their hoe in the mud at their feet and in the crevices of the brickwork, and occasionally shillings and silver spoons find a temporary resting place in the bag at their back or in their capacious coat pockets. The toshers generally go in gangs of three or four, both for the sake of company and to be able to defend themselves from the rats with which the sewers swarm. When they come near a street grating they close their lanterns and watch an opportunity to slip past unnoticed, for otherwise a crowd of people might collect at the grating, whose presence would put the police on the alert. They find great quantities of money, copper money especially, in the crevices of the brickwork a little below the grating, and not infrequently shillings, half-crowns and sixpences, with an occasional sovereign or half-sovereign. When "in luck" they find many articles of plate, spoons, ladles, silver-handled knives and forks, mugs and drinking cups, and now and then articles of jewelry. They generally also manage to fill their bags with the more bulky articles found in the search, such as old metal, bones and ropes. These they dispose of to marine store dealers and rag-and-bone men, and divide the proceeds, along with the coins found, among the different members of the gang. At one time the regular toshers used to earn from 30s to £2 a week each, but with the construction of new sewers, grates at the mouth, their industry is not so easily exercised, and is consequently much less profitable.—London Mail.

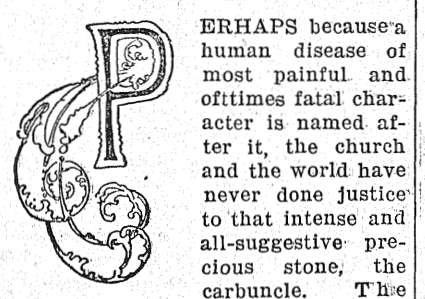
Influence of Women's Clubs.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musician and composer, of New York, says of the women's clubs of the west: "The especially interesting features of the artistic life in western towns are the women's clubs, and in these the culture and intellectual life seems to be centered. They have a tremendous influence, and it is through their efforts that fine concerts are given and that the artists are persuaded to come there. We know very little in New York of what happens in other cities of the country, but it would surprise New Yorkers to see the activity with which the club women advance the interests of culture in western towns."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GATES OF CARBUNCLE" THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY.

From the Text: "And I Will Make Thy Windows of Agates and Thy Gates of Carbuncles"—Book of Isaiah, Chapter 54, Verse 12.



ERHAPS because a human disease of most painful and oftentimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The

pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the Jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision massed into the wall of heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

Like to the burning coal whence comes its name;

Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Dible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cadences of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb nail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone he ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breastplate in olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tasselled floors suggested by the Bible writers, "These hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it. "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What are thy gates of carbuncles? "Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the wine-press alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that in my text, merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carbuncle gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kish in reunion, and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as he lifted the gate it leaned against his forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration Day, for the calls lilles on the grave-tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with your Psalmist, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pa-

cific beaches! Put the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the North and the South saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies Northern and Southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American Republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged eighty-five years and seventeen days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried, "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1860? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of fame! See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi, and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will be built on a firm and lasting basis. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticize him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against that gold and silver. As a general rule the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism, and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible, "The silver and the gold are mine," and He will settle the controversy between those two metals. If ever this country needed the Divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency, the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus yonder while building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be, "O God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hast not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who hast brought to perfection the cotton of the South and the flax of the North, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation

to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

But we must admit that it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of "thin hands" have pushed at it without making it swing on its hinges. It is a gate made out of empty floor barrels, and cold fire grates, and worn out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unmediated sickness, and ghastliness, and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want. A gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

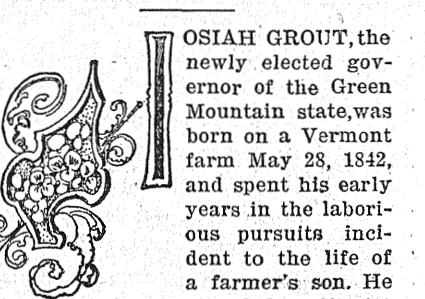
Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know any one to whom it is not a struggle. Louis the Fourteenth thought he had everything fixed just right and fixed to stay, and so he had the great clock at Bordeaux made. The hour of that clock were struck by figures in bronze representing the kings of Europe, and at a certain time of day William the Third of England and other kings were made to come out and bow to Louis the Fourteenth. But the clock got out of order one day and just the opposite of what was expected occurred, as the clock struck a certain hour Louis the Fourteenth was thrown to the feet of William the Third. And so the clock of destiny brings many surprises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all the styles of life there comes disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be seventy years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be fifty years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition; and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

A friend told me the other day of a shoemaker in a Russian city whose bench was in the basement of a building, and so far underground that he could see only the feet of those who went by on the sidewalk. Seated on his bench, he often looked up, and there went the swift and skipping feet of children, and then the slow and uniform step of the aged, and then feet with shoes old and worn out, and then crippled feet, and he resolved he would do a kindness to each one who needed it. So when the foot with the old and worn-out shoe was passing, he would hail it and make for it a comfortable covering, for he had the hammer, and the pegs, and the shoe-lasts, and the lapstone, and the leather to do it. And when he saw the invalid foot pass he would hail it and go out and offer medicine and crutch and helplessness. And when he saw the aged foot pass he hailed it and told the old man of heaven, where he would be young again. When he saw the foot of childhood pass on the sidewalk he would go out with good advice and a laugh that seemed like an echo of the child's laugh. Well, time went on, and as the shoemaker's wants were very few, he worked but little for himself and most of the time for others, and in the long evenings, when he could not so well see the feet passing on the sidewalk, he would make shoes of all sizes and stand them on a shelf, ready for feet that would pass in the daytime. Of course, as the years went on, under this process the shoemaker became more and more Christian, until one day he said to himself: "I wish among all those feet passing up there on the sidewalk I could see the feet of the dear Christ passing. Oh! if I could only see His feet go by, I would know them, because they are scarred feet." That night the shoemaker dreamed, and in the dream he saw the glorious Christ, and he said: "O Christ! I have been waiting for Thee to pass on the sidewalk, and I have seen lame feet, and wounded feet, and aged feet, and poor feet, but in vain have I looked for Thy scarred feet." And Christ said to the shoemaker, "Man! I did pass on the sidewalk, and you did see My feet, and you did come out and hail Me, and bless Me, and help Me. You thought it was the foot of a poor old man that went shuffling by, that was My foot. You thought it was the foot of a soldier that went limping past; that was My foot. You thought that shoeless foot was the foot of a beggar; that was My foot. The shoes, the clothing, the medicines, the cheering words that you gave to them, you gave to your Lord. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." My hearers, with the humble spirit of that Russian shoemaker, let us go forth and help others.

GOV. JOSIAH GROUT.

NEWLY ELECTED EXECUTIVE OF GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

He Has a War Record, Also One at the Bar, and Has Lately Become a Successful Farmer—He Was Once a West-erner.



JOSIAH GROUT, the newly elected governor of the Green Mountain state, was born on a Vermont farm May 28, 1842, and spent his early years in the laborious pursuits incident to the life of a farmer's son. He attended district school in the winter and later went to an academy, where he was pursuing his studies when the war of the rebellion broke out. He went to the front at once, enlisting as a private in Company I of the First Vermont cavalry. He was elected second lieutenant when the company was permanently organized. April 1, 1863, he was made a captain and the same date was seriously wounded in action. He still carries the bullet he received in that battle. In 1864 he raised a company for the Frontier cavalry regiment, organized to repel the St. Albans raid, and was appointed a major of the regiment. At the close of the war Major Grout returned home and resumed the study of law in the office of his brother, General Grout. He was admitted to the bar in 1865, and practiced law in partnership with his brother in Barton, Vt., at the same time assisting in editing the Barton Standard. In 1875 he moved to



Chicago, where he practiced his profession for three years. He then moved to Moline, Ill., and was elected supervisor of Rock Island county. He declined a proffered nomination to run for congressman and in 1880 returned to Vermont, settling with his family in the Hinman homestead, where his wife was born, in Derby. After leaving Chicago Mr. Grout abandoned the practice of law and turned his energies to farming. He owns one of the largest farms in Vermont. He was elected to the legislature in 1872 and 1874 and the latter time was chosen speaker. After his return from the west he was again sent to the legislature in 1884, 1886 and 1888, serving as speaker the last two terms. He was a state senator in 1892, and has been vice-president and president of the Republican League of Vermont.

A Texas Swing.

Mr. R. B. Zimmerman, of Warren, has what is probably the highest swing in Texas. The frame is made of pine logs seventy-eight feet long, which are set in the ground eight feet, making the swing seventy feet high. The cross piece is six by six inches, heart, and is fastened to the top of the upright pieces in such a way as to be as strong as if the frame was all of one piece. On the north side of the swing is a pole forty-two feet high, at the top of which is a pulley. The person who wishes to swing is strapped in, if he or she desires, and then takes hold of one end of rope, the other end of which is run through the pulley and fastened to a team of horses. The horses are started off and the swinger is pulled to the top of the pole. When the top is reached he drops the rope, and is at once launched into space, sometimes going as high as 100 feet on the opposite side from the pole. One turn at the swing is generally enough to satisfy one for that evening. Since the erection of the swing Mr. Zimmerman's house has become a resort every evening for the young people of Warren, and parties frequently come from Hyatt and other neighboring towns to enjoy an evening in "the swing."—Dallas News.

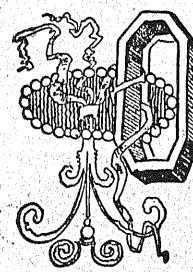
Money in Bicycle Inventions.

Inventions of bicycle sundries are just now apparently the most profitable direction in which mechanical ingenuity can be directed. All the really meritorious devices on the markets, for wheels and wheelmen are selling well and return fine dividends to their owners. And the most remarkable feature of the case is the fact that these prove paying investments from the start, and no losing system of introducing them is necessary as in other businesses. One of the most remarkable instances of this state of affairs is the case of a popular saddle made of aluminum and leather. It was invented less than two years ago and has been on the market but a short time. Yet this year the sales have already reached 80,000, and there are more to come. On this 80,000 the inventor realized 50 cents apiece, or \$40,000, a tidy little sum, which would be considered a fortune by some people, and does fairly well for an annual income on a bicycle sundry.—Chicago Tribune.

VETERANS' CORNER.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

The Successful Boycott on Northern Literature at the Beginning of the War—Troubles that the Southern Papers Experienced in 1864.



VER the narrow footpath That led from my lowly door, I went with a thought of the Master, As oft I had walked before. My heart was heavily laden,

And with tears my eyes were dim; But I knew I should lose the burden Could I get a glimpse of Him.

Over the trodden pathway, To the fields all shorn and bare; I went with a step that faltered, And a face that told of care. I had lost the light of the morning, With its shimmer of sun and dew; But a gracious look of the Master Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered, And the sky before me blurred, I heard a voice behind me Saying a tender word. And I turned to see the brightness Of heaven upon the road, And suddenly lost the pressure Of the weary, crushing load.

Boycotting Northern Literature.

At the outbreak of the war between the states the people of the south were bitterly opposed to everything of northern origin, and they very naturally decided to boycott the literature of that section. This was all that they could do. The blockade was effective, and northern books could not cross the line. At rare intervals a shipment came through and was at once confiscated. The southern people and their newspapers began to ridicule the literature of the north. All that was original was namby-pamby or immoral, and all that was readable was plagiarized. This was the way the southern press and people talked.

But could the new republic create a literature in a day? There were bold spirits who made the effort. William Gilmore Simms wrote stories which were not at all comparable with his early productions. John Esten Cooke laid aside the pen for the sword, and dashed through the country with Stuart's cavalry. James D. McCabe, Jr., came to the front and wrote "The Alde-de-Camp," a novel of the war, while a member of the Washington artillery wrote "Clarimonde," a story now forgotten. Miss Evans of Mobile wrote "Macaria," the weakest of her novels, because it was sectional. After a year or so the confederates gave their literary craze a rest. Edward Pollard and others continued to write upon historical and literary subjects, but the novelists and poets took a vacation.

War Journalism in Dixie.

Of all the reminiscences of the confederacy, there are few in the journalistic line, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Once, in a while somebody runs across a "Victrola" newspaper printed on wall paper during the siege, a Memphis Avalanche, or a Richmond Whig; but journalism in the south during the civil war was of minor importance. Pressmen, editors and reporters were needed "at the front," and a courier could bring the news of a battle sooner than a crippled printing office could set the type to tell the direful news. There were newspapers, of course, with their lists of killed, wounded and missing, and their more or less authentic accounts of victories and skirmishes; but those that could be depended upon for news were scarce and literary publications had but few days and were full of sorrows.

Of these latter, which eked out a precarious existence and struggled through three or four volumes, was the Southern Illustrated News, an eight-page publication, four columns to the page, published in Richmond by men who were at once editors and proprietors, and probably, if the truth were known, compositors and pressmen, reporters and general "thusters." Two copies of this weekly, yellow with age and poor ink, have drifted into the writer's possession. They are valuable souvenirs now of the "late unpleasantness," but in a very few years they will be more valuable curios of a period that has quite passed into history. The editorial page of one bears the date April 23, 1864, and is followed by an announcement of "terms" that, in the days of penny papers, rather takes away one's breath. It reads: "Subscriptions, \$20 per annum; \$10 for six months (no subscription taken for a less time). The trade supplied at \$25 per 100. No county or individual money taken."

It is unnecessary to say that the Southern Illustrated News in 1864 paid no dividends perceptible to the outer senses. The stockholders surely neither saw nor felt them; it is not a fact to be wondered at, since, outside of the topsy-turvy condition of the country at that time, and the shakiness of the money question, there is only one "sad"

to be discovered in the entire edition of April 23, and five in the succeeding issue. "There is no reason to suppose that 'ads' were any more plentiful during the rest of the year than in these two copies, as the clouds gathered more thickly with the opening of the summer months and business became more paralyzed as Johnston's weaker force skillfully retreated before Sherman's masterly movements; as 'Hood made his fatal mistake, and Sherman marched victoriously to the sea, with Atlanta in ashes behind him.

Napoleon's Attempt at Suicide.

Since 1808 he had worn about his neck as a kind of amulet a little bag said to contain a deadly poison, one of the salts of prussic acid. That night, when the terrors of a shaken reason overpowered him, it is believed that he swallowed the drug. Instead of oblivion came agony, and his valet, rushing to his master's bedside at the sound of a bitter cry, claimed to catch the words: "Marmont has struck me the final blow! Unhappy man, I loved him! Berthier's desertion has broken my heart! My old friends, my comrades in arms!" Ivan, the Emperor's body physician, was summoned, and administered an antidote; the spasm was allayed, and after a short sleep reason resumed her seat. It is related in the memoirs of Caulaincourt, and probably with a sort of Homeric truth, that when the reputed victim was admitted in the early morning Napoleon's "wan and sunken eyes seemed struggling to recall the objects round about; a universe of torture was revealed in the vaguely desolate look." Napoleon is reported as saying: "It is not the loss of the throne that makes existence unendurable; my military career suffices for the glory of a single man. Do you know what is more difficult to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude, of men. Before such acts of cowardice, before the shamelessness of their egotism, I have turned away my head in disgust and taken my life in horror."

What I have suffered for twenty days no one can understand. "Life of Napoleon: The Exile and His Return," by Prof. W. M. Sloane, in the September Century.)

Bismarck as a Joker.

The following incident in the life of the iron chancellor recently appeared in one of the New York papers:

"Bismarck and a friend, after a heavy day's shooting, sat together sipping their wine and comparing notes of their day's adventures. Bismarck's friend complained that he was excessively tired and was unable to get up at 7 o'clock the next morning to join the sport. Bismarck assured him that he would see that he got up at the right time, whether he would or not.

"On retiring to their bedrooms, which adjoined each other, he barred and barricaded his door, to prevent Bismarck from carrying out his threat.

"At half-past 6 on the following morning the chancellor knocked at the door, calling on his friend to get up. His friend didn't, but turned on his pillow to enjoy another snooze. Then Bismarck seized his gun, went into the yard and fired through the window of his friend's bedroom, hitting the ceiling above the bed, and bringing a shower of plaster down on the head and shoulders of the sleeper.

"In the greatest alarm his friend arose and looked out of the window to see what was the matter. Seeing nobody, he hastily donned his clothes and ran down stairs. Here he met Bismarck, who gravely bade him 'good morning,' and added: 'I hope you slept well; it is just, striking 7.'

Swiss Soldiers.

Some of the stronger advocates of the extension of the American National guard to every public school in the United States are calling attention to the standing army of Switzerland, which numbers 140,000 effective soldiers, and is maintained by the government at a cost of \$35 per annum per capita. The schoolboys of Switzerland are trained in gymnastics, the manual of arms and the elements of company drill. Every Swiss is a good rifle shot. There are 3,000 target shooting societies in the republic, with a membership of about 140,000, and the government encourages skill and competition among the marksmen by an appropriation of \$700,000 annually.

The soldier in the Swiss army serves for ten years between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-two, being called out for drill forty-five days in the first year and sixteen days in each succeeding year. Each man keeps his uniform, knapsack and rifle at home, and must be prepared for a strict inspection yearly. The training at school fits the future soldier or militiaman for service, and after his first year he needs but little additional training. The Swiss Landwehr, composed of veterans between thirty-two and forty-four years, numbers 80,000 men. The Landstrum, the final reserve of men and boys capable of bearing arms, numbers 270,000. Hence the mountain republic is prepared to repel the invader with a force of nearly 500,000 skilled riflemen and disciplined soldiers.

Moltke and His Poems.

One morning at Versailles, in January, 1871, the letters from home were being looked through while Moltke was present. In one of them was a long poem in his honor, full of all imaginable eulogies, such phrases as "the sage order of battles," "the great silent man," etc., constantly occurring. He sat quiet while this great composition was being read out, and when it was over he smiled calmly to himself and remarked to us: "Well, you know, if we had not conquered, the poem would have begun with the words, 'Thou old fool.'—The Forum.

HE IS JUST AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you—oh, you—who the wildest yearn For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him as faring on, as dear In the love of there as the love of here.

Mild and gentle, as he was brave When the sweetest love of his life he gave.

To simpler things: Where the violets grew, Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have stayed As reverently as the lips have prayed;

When the little 'brown thrush' that harshly chirped

Was dear to him as the mocking bird; And he pitied as much as a man in pain A writhing honey bee wet with rain.

Think of him still the same, I say; He is not dead—he is just away. —James Whitcomb Riley.

VISITED HIS OLD HOME

HELLO, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely-dressed man in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied:

"I've been home to see my old father for the first time in sixteen years; and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kind of good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down and the man told his story: "How I came to visit my mother happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little patent-inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place, I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I did think of them, the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—great Scott! what were all of the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses of which only an occasional one was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?'

"He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: 'I'm about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living?'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me \$1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand, and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant-bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller, somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly-dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me, and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father called from the kitchen, 'What do you want, Caroline?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly: 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat, the whipped school-children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York," I replied.

"What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm workin' in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothin' but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

"I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last nine o'clock came and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kilt is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee, I skipped over to the depot-cross-lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a visitin'.'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, 'How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there then on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide.'

"Then she faded away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke, he took Jim by the hand and said: 'Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow.'

Constant thought will overflow in words unconsciously.—Byron.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? It sends the mother to the doctor, who gives her a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Such are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind: for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: that where a man can also live there he can also live well.

How's That!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. The undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and capable of carrying out with obligation made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of such system. It is sold by every bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

In properly prepare for a change; in adversity hope for one.

Cheap Excursions to the West and North.

On Oct. 6 and 20, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agent of connecting line or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Few men work hard after they get old enough to know better.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

The way of the world is, to make laws but follow customs.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Forbidden fruit doesn't always grow on the tallest trees.

"I was completely covered with sores. Every muscle in my body ached. Had been sick for five years. Doctors could do me no good. Most of my time was spent in bed; was a complete wreck. Burdock Blood Bitters have completely cured me in three months." Mrs. Annie Zoepen, Crookstown, Minn.

Pretty women who are stupid are roses without fragrance.

For any of those unexpected emergencies common to children in the summer, Dr. Fowler's Eucalypti Wild Strawberry is an unfailing cure. It is nature's specific for summer complaint in all its forms.

The two offices of memory are collection and distribution.

No need to suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramps or colic. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cures all such troubles, and does it quickly.

Some very good looking people are deformed on the inside.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Beauty may incite love but it cannot maintain it.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1851.—J. R. Madison, 2409 Forty-second Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Contentment is the triumph of mind over matter.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowels regulator ever made.

The evil men do lives after them; so does the good.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Nobody ever has any intention of going to hell when they first hear of the place.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Your daughters are the most precious legacy possible in this life. The responsibility for them, and their future, is largely with you.

The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on the watch day and night.

As you care for their physical well-being, so will the woman be, and so will her children be also.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound"

"Then she faded away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke, he took Jim by the hand and said: 'Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow.'

Compound" is the sure reliance in this hour of trial. Thousands have found it the never-failing power to correct all irregularities and start the woman on the sea of life with that physical health all should have.

Womb difficulties, displacements and the horrors cannot exist in company with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

It is by imitation far more than by precept that we learn everything, and what we learn thus we require not only more effectually, but more pleasantly.—Burke.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

God alone knows how much heaven loses when a young man takes his first drink.

If your dealer tells you that something else is "just as good" as Doan's Ointment for Hives, Pin Worms, Itching Piles, or other itchininess of the skin, tell him you want the original. It is safer, never failing.

Faith is the thing that makes the Christian rich after he has lost every else.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Sudden conversions need repeated revivals.

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine values. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit:

50 YEARS OF CURES.



This button with a ten cent box of CASCARETS, CATHARTIC, the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address: SWINNEY REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.



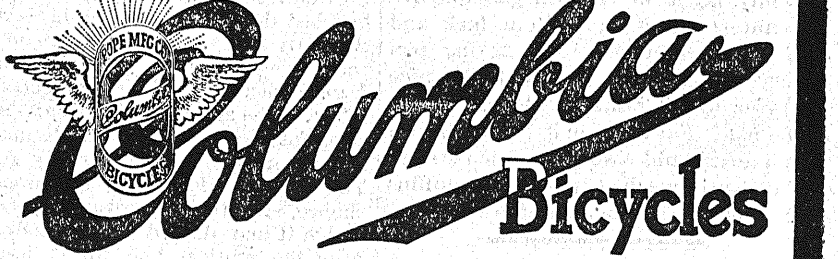
"The New Woman."

Battle Ax PLUG

The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.

Proper Tires

We have made a study of tires—pounded them year in and year out by thousands on our wheel-testing machine, tested them for elasticity, for speed, for durability—had reports from riders and agents everywhere. Result is the wonderfully elastic and durable Hartford Single-Tube Tires used on



STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Hartford Tires are easiest to repair in case of puncture, strongest, safest, best.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Look Out

For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Chit-Chat From the Country Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.

PIGEON.

Last week's correspondence.

It looks like fall.

E. F. Hess wheeled to Berne Sunday. Chas. Maier was at Kilmanagh Sunday afternoon.

W. W. Loosmore, of Casewille, was in town Tuesday.

Leiprandt Bros. are building an addition to their store.

Wheat has been coming into Pigeon at a rush the past week.

G. Glosser and wife returned from Saginaw on Monday last.

W. W. Blackwell wheeled to Casewille on business Monday.

E. F. Hess and W. W. Blackwell wheeled to Elkton on Friday last and took in the fair.

J. A. Rollinson, our P. O. & N. E. R. station agent, moved away from here on Friday. He has secured a position in the Upper Peninsula.

BEAULEY.

Last week's correspondence.

Mrs. James Grenache is very poorly at present.

John McDonald has leased one of A. A. Youngs' farms.

Times are commencing to look up. Be sure and vote for silver.

Beauley will be well represented at the Bad Axe Fair with fancy work.

We are glad that Rev. Alex. Sturton succeeded so well at conference and that now he has a charge near Detroit. We are also glad Rev. Allen is back to Grant and now Bethel is in line with Grant. We hope they will work harmoniously together.

In our last week's report we stated that our thriving store keeper sold 2,000 weight of sugar but it was our mistake for he has sold in two months over 4,500 lbs. We would advise people who wish to get the worth of their money to call at the Beauley store.

Last week we promised we would give the particulars about Roger Patterson's death. The doctor concluded it was heart failure and paralytic stroke. Mr. Patterson will be much missed in this community as he was a man highly thought of. The bereaved family has our sympathy. The funeral service was held in the Presbyterian Church, Rev. McLeod officiating.

Bucklens Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sterner season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue?
Was never earth so white before?
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow
And never learned the loveliness
Of beauty in its leafless lines.
Did ever such a morning break
As that my custom windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as your schoolboy's laugh?
Fair seen these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm winds of spring
To set the unbound hills in tune
And thither urge the blizzard's wing.
The vale shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafy buds,
And violets and wild flowers wave
Against the throbbing heart of May.
Break forth, my lips, in praise and own
The world, O Father, hath not wronged
With less the life by thee prolonged.
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!
—Whittier.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

The Standard Has Changed but Little in Two Thousand Years.

They have no conception of learning as understood in the west—of mathematics, chemistry, geology or kindred sciences and of universal history. Indeed they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed 2,000 years ago and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries.

One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education, and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil or Shakespeare; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Caesar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington or other modern soldiers, and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics or the modern sciences. When the American minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: "That is your civilization, and you learn it. We have ours, and we learn it. For centuries we have gone on satisfied to know what we know. Why should we care to know what you know?"

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the west, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family.

But no one of his race more than Li Hung Chang recognizes the defects of the national system of education. Largely through his influence, the emperor has established at Peking a college with a full faculty of foreign professors for the instruction of chosen Chinese youths in the European languages and modern sciences, with a view to training them for the diplomatic service. So he has also established at Tien-tsin, for the last 25 years his viceregal residence, schools for military, naval and medical education, manned by European instructors, and his example has been followed by other viceroys.—John W. Foster in Century.

A SCARED TIGER'S LEAP.

Caught in a Narrow Gully, It Vainly Tried For Escape in a Big Tree.

Scared animals leap distances and heights that most surprise themselves at times, just as men in a state of excitement do things that astonish them when they cool down and begin to think about what they have done. When a man makes a long jump up in the Adirondacks to get across a brook he is said to have "jumped like a deer," but should the man have made a leap, over a high fence or across a broad brook, being at the time in a state of excitement, as having a bull close after him, he jumps then "like a scared deer," scared deer making jumps the unalarmed one could not make.

Tigers do not ordinarily take to trees, but they have been known to do so when badly scared at being close pressed. Captain S. D. Browne tells of an Indian tiger's leap that landed it in a tree top. The captain was waiting for the beaters to drive a tiger his way, when one of the big cats appeared at the top of a steep, stony ravine close at hand. The big cat, being at the time in a state of excitement, he leaped over the ravine and landed on the top of the tree. The sides of the gully were too steep for even a cat to climb, and up and down there were men ready for it. The hunted tiger had but a single chance, slim though it was. The tree at which it had dashed himself concealed it from the hunters, and up it jumped, landing among the branches over 15 feet above the ground. A few moments later another bullet killed it.—New York Sun.

The Sweet and Sentimental Murderer.

There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Ishikawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out hands to him, and he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost. It is not hard to believe this story. Every year the police records tell of compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was reported in the local papers—the slaughter of a householder by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep, but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood, and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child.—Lafayette Hearn.

See the samples of Paper Napkins at the ENTERPRISE Office.

THE SOUL AND SORROW.

Ah, slay me not, O sorrow, in April days,
For when the skies are warm I faint would sing;
When mounts the bluebirds' song I, too, would praise
And lift my heart with every living thing!
The weight thou bring'st—yea, turn thy face away
And journey from me a little while,
But leave me bright-faced joy in April's day
To wander with me through the forest aisle.

One day, O sorrow, will I go with thee
And learn the strength that thou alone must give!
Yea, one day thou shalt come and call for me
And I will wait thy way and learn to live!

But not in April days—when I would sing,
When south winds roam the ever greenling earth
And joy tumultuous in my heart doth spring
O'er every wildwood bloom that springs to birth!

—Boston Transcript.

ETIQUETTE IN SPAIN.

There the People Are Punctiliously Polite at All Times.

Spaniards have some rules of etiquette that would prove surprising to the average easy-going American. Take, for instance, the rules governing visits. When the first call is made by a lady, she is expected to arrive in a carriage, that being considered a mark of high respect. Should the person called upon be absent from home, the visitor is expected to leave her card with one and turned over, and in one corner is to be written the initials E. P., meaning in persona, or in person. Upon ringing the bell the visitor is usually greeted by an unseen person with the words, "Quien es?" or "Who's there?" to which should be replied "Gente de paz," or persons of peace. Entering, the visitor is conducted to the best room in the house, led up to a sofa and placed to the right of the hostess. On rising to take leave the proper form is to exclaim, in the case of a lady, "Senora, I place myself at your feet." She will answer in a similarly figurative way by saying: "I kiss your hand. May you depart with God and continue well!" Feminine visitors are saluted with a kiss, both upon their arrival and departure. It is considered an unpardonable breach of good manners for a gentleman to offer to shake hands with a Spanish lady. Another decidedly objectionable proceeding, in Spanish eyes, is to offer a lady one's arm when walking with her. Should a Spanish gentleman so far forget himself as to offer his arm to his wife, he would be looked upon as lamentably ignorant of the laws of etiquette governing good society in the land of his birth.

Another noticeable custom is that when walking with a Spaniard in Spain it is considered the height of ill manners to walk on the inside. This is the place of honor and should always be given to the native. When a well-bred Spaniard meets a lady on the street, he always passes to the outside, thus making way for her, but with men this rule is not observed. Whoever has the wall on his right hand in the narrow streets is entitled to keep it.

These are some of the most noted peculiarities of the rigorous rules governing Spaniards of polite breeding. They are punctilious almost to the point of absurdity in most things, but their politeness is of a kind that wears well.—Detroit Free Press.

A Story of Two Big Diamonds.

Mario Magnier of the Gymnase has the two largest diamonds now in Paris. One day she received from her jeweler a telegram asking her to come at once to his shop. There she found a tall woman, thickly veiled, who held in her hands a case with two superb diamonds in it. "Mademoiselle," she said, "M. F. tells me that your fancy is to possess a pair of exceptionally beautiful earrings. Those are all that you can desire. Could you pay down for them before 5 tonight the 100,000 francs which I ask for them?" Mme. Magnier was startled. "Hum, my good woman," she said, in a brusque manner, "you are very cool over the matter; you ask for 100,000 francs just as you would ask for a bushel of corn." The jeweler put his fingers on his lips and nodded deprecatingly. "Oh, very well," said Magnier, "if she is a queen." "She is a queen," answered the lady proudly, shutting the case with a snap. But Magnier had been touched by the blaze of light which had just disappeared from before her eyes, so she said meekly: "All right, I will drive to my banker, and in an hour I shall be back with the money, madame." And within the hour she possessed the most marvelous jewels which ever adorned a first night in Paris. But she never discovered the identity of the veiled woman.—Paris Letter.

Disappointing Information.

"Dear me, is this the ticket office?" exclaimed a peevish little woman with a face like a hatchet and a voice with nicks in it as she hurried up to the Central-Hudson ticket window the other morning. "No, madam," responded the calm and imperturbable agent, "this is a blacksmith shop, and we shoe horses here. Anything in our line we can do for you this morning?"

"Yes," she snapped, "you can give me a ticket for Schaghticoke; that's what you can do, Mr. Blacksmith," and she darted a look at the courtrooms and urbane agent which cracked the glass in her spectacles.—Utica Observer.

She Knows the Feeling.

Harry—She has jilted me, and I know I shall die. The disappointment will kill me.

Aunt Hannah—I know how disappointments affect one, Harry. But you will get over it. I felt just as you do now when I got that yeller hen on 13 eggs and only lost one poor chick out of the lot.—London Tit-Bits.

Printers and women are somewhat alike in one respect, as both spend a good deal of their time in making up their forms.

Portugal has 1,080,000 women more than 17 years old.

PLAYS THAT PLEASE.

Good and Bad Points of Long Runs From the Actors' Standpoint.

Long runs, like most things, have their good as well as their bad points. Good, because constant repetition so identifies one with the character impersonated that it becomes second nature to feel and act it. Iteration may in the end insure a certain technique, which, when inspiration fails, rescues the work from crudity. Joseph Jefferson once told me that in "The Rivals" he had always gained an effect by pulling off the fingers of his gloves separately and deliberately to accentuate certain words, but that under inspiration he would throw technique to the winds and have the glove off with one jerk. Who that has ever seen his Bob can forget those brilliant green gloves and the fan he got out of them!

On the other hand, the evil effects of long runs are indisputable. Prominent among them is a general mental weariness which often causes one to forget the most familiar lines and to turn blankly to the prompter's box or to some friendly actor for the words. This happened to me several times, notably in "The Winter's Tale" in London, where, after playing it 100 nights, I had to be prompted in several of Hermione's great speeches. Edwin Booth, during the long run of "Hamlet" at his own theater, frequently called for the lines. An actor who was in his company told me that Booth turned to him one night, and with a look of consternation asked what he was to say next. His mind for the moment had become a blank. The actor gave him the word. Booth began the speech, faltered again, was prompted a second time, but finding it impossible to continue called out in a loud voice, "Ring down the curtain."

Many other examples might be cited to show how weary the brain grows after acting the same part six or seven times weekly for 100 or 200 consecutive nights, with only the rest of Sunday to distract the mind.—Mary Anderson's Memoirs.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know of no other medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house. It has not only saved me from pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later." For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Some fellow who couldn't find anything better to do, writes about women in this manner: There are women who are comely, there are women who are homely, but be careful how the latter word you say. There are women who are healthy, there are women who are wealthy, there are women who will always have their way. There are women who are truthful, there are women who are youthful—was there ever any woman who was old? There are women who are sainted, there are women who are painted, there are women who are worth their weight in gold. There are women who are slender, there are women who are tender, there are women who are large and fat and red. There are women who are married, there are women who have tarried, there are women who are talkless—but they're dead.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Settle Up.

My customers having book accounts are hereby notified that I must have settlement either by cash or not on or before Oct. 10th. Prompt attention requested. 9-24-3 E. McKim.

10 Troubled with Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommended it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

Mechanicville, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. He made him a well man. A. J. McGill For sale at 50 cents per bottle by T. H. Fritz.

NOTICE.

My customers will please bear in mind that Binder Twine and other accounts are due and payable Oct. 1st. 9-17-3 J. H. STRIFFLER.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Order of Hearing.

State of Michigan, county of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Caro, on the twenty-second day of September, the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety six. Present, John C. Laing, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Charles H. Weber, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Lotva Weber, the administratrix of said estate, praying that she may be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased and described in said petition, for the purpose of paying for funeral and other expenses, and for the purpose of administering said estate, thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 17th day of October next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held in the Probate office in the village of Caro, and show cause if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. H. LAING, Judge of Probate.

With two little children subject to croup, we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Ind. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by T. H. Fritz.

Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, Oct. 1, 1896.	
Wheat, No. 1 white	64
Wheat, No. 2 red	62
Corn, per bu.	1 05
Corn Meal, per cwt.	1 10
Oats, per bu.	11 to 17
Rye, per bu.	30 40
Barley, per 100 lbs.	25 to 30
Peas	25 to 30
Beans	35 to 40
Clover Seed, per bu.	75 to 100
Potatoes per bu.	8 to 15
Apples per bu.	12 to 15
Eggs per doz.	12 to 15
Butter, dressed	4 to 5
Live Hogs, per cwt.	2 to 3
Best live weight	2 to 3
Mutton—live weight, per lb.	1 to 2
Lamb, live weight	2 to 3
Tallow, per lb.	15 to 20
Turkeys—live, per lb.	15 to 20
Chickens—dressed, per lb.	15 to 20
Chickens—live, per lb.	15 to 20
Hair, new	50 to 60
Wool, washed	11 to 18
Wool, unwashed	6 to 13

MARKETS AT ROLLER MILLS.

White Lily Flour	2 00 cwt.
Present	1 60 cwt.
Graham Flour	2 00
Boiled Meal	1 25
Meal	75
Meal	30
Meal	60
Middlings	70

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. A. meeting 6:45 p. m. English services every Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. J. M. BURNER, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning services. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting at 7:30 on Thursday evening. Rev. J. W. FENN, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. B. J. BAXTER, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. C. D. ELDRIDGE, Pastor.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

3-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading for three cents per line each week.

FOR SALE—Twenty swarms of fine bees for sale. Round of Chas. S. Kerr, east and north of Cass City. 9-24-3

HOUSE and barn to rent, known as the Mrs. Predmore house on Oak street. 8-13 LAING & JAMES.

LATEST STYLES in Wedding Invitations at ENTERPRISE Office.

PAMPHLET WORK of every description, clean and quick at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

POSTERS, all styles, Hangers and Dodgers, at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

ROOMS TO RENT over Laing & James' store. 4-17-4.

SCHOLARSHIP in the Fenton Normal School for sale at this office.

SHIPPING TAGS—At close prices—ENTERPRISE Office.

TO RENT—A part of the Edwards' livery barn. Apply at once to Dr. EDWARDS. 8-10.

WANTED—Fifty farmers to use Homestead (Mich.) Fertilizer to increase their crops and improve the condition of their land. Address me at Cass City, Ind. one mile north and one-half mile east of McConnell's school house. A. D. MRAD, Agent.

WANTED—To exchange cow giving milk for yearling steers. 8-14 O. K. JAMES.

YOUNG team for sale; weight about 3,000. 1/2 mile west of Cass City. 9-17-3 O. C. WOOD.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.